POEMS OF PLACES

EDITED BY
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

ASIA

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Poems of Places.

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HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY,

BOSTON AND NEW YORK.

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HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

It is the Soul that sees; the outward eyes
Present the object, but the Mind descries.
CRABBE.

ASIA

VOL. III

PERSIA, INDIA, CHINESE EMPIRE, JAPAN

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By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

CONTENTS.

PERSIA.

		PAGE
INTRODUCTORY.		
THE PERSIANS	*Æschylus*	1
PERSIA	*N. Michell*	3
GULISTAN	*B. Taylor*	4
BENDEMEER, THE RIVER.		
THE RIVER BENDEMEER	*T. Moore*	7
BEYSITOUN, THE MOUNTAIN.		
MOUNT BEYSITOUN	*Nisami*	8
DESERT OF PERSIA.		
HASSAN; OR, THE CAMEL-DRIVER	*W. Collins*	10
GHEBER'S CLIFF.		
GHEBER'S CLIFF	*T. Moore*	13
ISPAHAN.		
THE PERSIAN PEASANT	*L. H. von Nicolay*	14
KHORASSAN (BACTRIA).		
THE VEILED PROPHET	*T. Moore*	18
OMAN, SEA OF (ARABIAN SEA).		
OMAN'S SEA	*T. Moore*	19
PERSEPOLIS (ISTAKAR).		
PERSEPOLIS	*N. Michell*	20
THE HALL OF EBLIS	*B. W. Procter*	23
ALEXANDER'S FEAST	*J. Dryden*	27
PERSIAN GULF (GREEN SEA).		
PERSIAN GULF	*T. Moore*	33
SHIRAZ.		
HENRY MARTYN AT SHIRAZ	*H. Alford*	34

SHIRAZ . . . . . *N. Michell* 36
THE STAR-FLOWER . . . . . *J. G. Whittier* . . 38

SUSA (SHOOSTER).
SUSA . . . . . *N. Michell* 41

THUS.
THUS . . . . . *H. Heine* 44

INDIA.

INTRODUCTORY.
BRAHMA . . . . . *D. Rumi* 49
BRAHMA . . . . . *R. W. Emerson* . . 50
BRAHMA . . . . . *Anonymous* . . . 51
NIRVANA . . . . . *J. W. Chadwick* . 52
ALEXANDER IN INDIA . . . . . *W. L. Bowles* . . 55
THE LAST DAY OF TIPPOO SAIB . . . . *B. W. Procter* . . 57
THE RIVER RALDIVVIR . . . . . *J. G. Wilson* . . . 59
INDIA . . . . . *N. Michell* . . . 61
INDIA . . . . . *L. de Camoens* . . 62
THE PALM-TREE . . . . . *J. G. Whittier* . . 67
THE VICTIM . . . . . *B. W. Procter* . . 69
HINDOSTAN . . . . . *W. M. Praed* . . 70
THE SUTTEES . . . . . *M. F. Tupper* . . 73
THE TIGER . . . . . *W. Blake* 74
EVENING IN INDIA . . . . . *R. Southey* . . . 75
THE BANIAN-TREE . . . . . " . . . 76
JAGA-NAUT . . . . . " . . . 77
INDIA . . . . . *R. H. Stoddard* . . 79

AGRA.
AGRA . . . . . *J. G. Whittier* . . 83
PALACE-TOMB OF TAJ MAHAL . . . . *S. Jehan* 83
THE TAJ MAHAL . . . . . *Anonymous* . . . 85
JAHARA BAUG . . . . . *L. E. Landon* . . 88

BENGAL.
IF THOU WERT BY MY SIDE . . . . . *R. Heber* 92

BURMAH.
THE BURMANS AND THEIR MISSIONARY . *L. H. Sigourney* . 93

CARLEE (CARLI).
THE CAVERNS OF CARLI . . . . . *N. Michell* . . . 95

CASHMERE.
THE VALE OF KASHMEER . . . . . *Togray* 96

THE VALE OF CASHMERE . . . . . *T. Moore* 98
THE FOUNTAIN OF CHINDARA . . . . . " 99

CEYLON, THE ISLAND.
THE CYPRESS-TREE OF CEYLON . . . . *J. G. Whittier* . . 100

COROMANDEL.
MAHA-BALYPOORAM THE SUNKEN CITY . . *R. Southey* . . . 103
THE ANCIENT SEPULCHRES . . . . . " . . . 104
COROMANDEL . . . . . *J. B. Norton* . . . 107

COORG.
HARVEST-SONG . . . . . *From the Coorgi* . 108

DELHI.
THE FUNERAL OF ARVALAN . . . . . *R. Southey* . . . 116

DWARKA.
THE SACRED SHRINES OF DWARKA . . . *L. E. Landon* . . 121

ELEPHANTA, THE ISLAND.
ELEPHANTA . . . . . *N. Michell* . . . 122
THE CAVE OF ELEPHANTA . . . . . *L. E. Landon* . . 122
THE CAVE OF ELEPHANTA . . . . . *E. D. Knight* . . 123

ELLORA.
ELLORA . . . . . *N. Michell* . . . 125

GANGES, THE RIVER.
HYMN TO THE GANGES . . . . . *Sir W. Jones* . . . 125
THE PARIAH'S LEGEND . . . . . *J. W. von Goethe* . 132
AN EVENING WALK IN BENGAL . . . . *R. Heber* 138
THE GANGES . . . . . *R. Southey* . . . 141
A ROMANCE OF THE GANGES . . . . . *E. B. Browning* . . 142
THE GANGES . . . . . *L. E. Landon* . . 150
THE HINDOO GIRL'S SONG . . . . . " . . 152

GOA.
THE FALL OF GOA . . . . . *M. Du Bocage* . . 153

GOLCONDA.
THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS OF GOLCONDA . *L. E. Landon* . . 154

GOUR.
GOUR . . . . . *N. Michell* . . . 157

HIMALAYA, THE MOUNTAINS.
HYMN TO DURGA . . . . . *Sir W. Jones* . . 158
HIMALAYA . . . . . *J. B. Norton* . . . 159

JEYPOOR.
A GRAVE IN INDIA . . . . . *L. E. Landon* . . 159

LAHORE.
RUNJEET-SINGH AND HIS SUWARREE OF SEIKS . . . . . *L. E. Landon* . . 161
LUCKNOW.
THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW . . . . . *J. G. Whittier* . . 162
THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW . . . . . *R. Lowell* 165
MADURA.
HINDOO TEMPLES AND PALACE AT MADURA *L. E. Landon* . . 168
MALABAR.
MALABAR . . . . . *W. L. Bowles* . . 170
ODE TO AN INDIAN GOLD COIN . . . . *J. Leyden* 171
MERU, THE MOUNTAIN.
ON MOUNT MERU . . . . . *C. G. Leland* . . . 173
MOOLTAN.
MOOLTAN . . . . . *R. C. Trench* . . . 176
MUSSOOREE.
THE ABBEY NEAR MUSSOOREE . . . . *L. E. Landon* . . 180
SALSETTE, THE ISLAND.
SALSETTE . . . . . *N. Michell* . . . 181
SERINGAPATAM.
THE DIRGE OF TIPPOO SULTAN . . . . *J. Leyden* 182
SIAM.
SIAM . . . . . *L. de Camoens* . . 186
THE WHITE ELEPHANT . . . . . *H. Heine* 187

CHINESE EMPIRE.

INTRODUCTORY.
AT THE BANQUET TO THE CHINESE EMBASSY . . . . . *O. W. Holmes* . . 191
VOX POPULI . . . . . *H. W. Longfellow* . 193
THE WALL OF CHINA . . . . . *F. von Schiller* . . 194
CHINA . . . . . *R. H. Stoddard* . . 194
CHINESE SONGS . . . . . " . . 196
KIN.
THE MUSIC-LESSON OF CONFUCIUS . . . *C. G. Leland* . . . 207
KING-TE-TCHING.
CHINA WARE . . . . . *H. W. Longfellow* . 212
MACAO, THE ISLAND.
THE GROTTO OF CAMOENS . . . . . *E. Irwin* 213

MECON, THE RIVER.
The River Mecon . . . . . *L. de Camoens* . . 214

NANKIN.
The Porcelain Tower . . . . . *H. W. Longfellow* . 215

PEKIN.
Kambalu . . . . . " . 216
In a Mountain Pass west of Pekin . . *J. T. Gulick* . . . 219

SARRA.
Cambus Khan . . . . . *G. Chaucer* . . . 220

XANADU.
Xanadu . . . . . *S. T. Coleridge* . . 230

JAPAN.

INTRODUCTORY.
Ode to the Mikado of Japan . . . . *R. H. Horne* . . . 233
The Sailing of Francis Xavier . . . *F. Spee* 237
Japan . . . . . *L. de Camoens* . . 239
Japan . . . . . *H. W. Longfellow* . 239

AMAKAGU, THE MOUNTAIN
Amakagu . . . . . *From the Japanese* 241

FUJIYAMA, THE MOUNTAIN.
Fujiyama . . . . . " 242

NIPHON (NIPPON), THE ISLAND.
Niphon . . . . . " 243
The Journey of Tonase and Konami from Kamakura to Yamashina . . . " 244

YOSHINO, THE RIVER.
Yoshino . . . . . " 248

PERSIA.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE PERSIANS.

FROM Ecbatana departing,
Or Susa, or the Kissian fortress,
Forth they sped upon their journey,
Some in ships, and some on horses,
Some on foot, still onward marching,
In their close array presenting
Squadrons duly armed for battle:
Then Amistres, Artaphernes,
Megabazes and Astaspes,
Mighty leaders of the Persians,
Kings, and of the great king servants,
March, the chiefs of mighty armies.
Archers they and mounted horsemen,
Dread to look on, fierce in battle,
Artembares, horse-controller,
And Masistres and Imæos,

Archer famed, and Pharandakes,
And the charioteer Sosthanes;
Neilos mighty and prolific
Sent forth others, Susiskanes,
Pegastagon, born in Egypt,
And the chief of sacred Memphis;
Great Arsames, Ariomardos,
Ruler of primeval Thebæ,
And the marshmen and the rowers,
Dread and in their number countless,
And their fellow crowds of Lydians,
Very delicate and stately,
Who the people of the mainlands
Rule throughout, — whom Mitragathes
And brave Arkteus, kingly chieftains,
And Sardis, gold-abounding, send forth,
Riding on their many chariots,
Three or four abreast their horses,
Sight to look upon all dreadful!
And the men of sacred Tmolos
Rush to place the yoke of bondage
On the neck of conquered Hellas.
Mardon, Tharybis, spear-anvils,
And the Mysians, javelin-darting,
Babylon, too, gold-abounding,
Sends a mingled crowd, swept onward,
Both the troops who man the vessels,
And the skilled and trustful archers;
And the race the sword that beareth,
Follows from each clime of Asia,
At the great king's dread commandment.

These, the bloom of Persia's greatness,
Now are gone forth to the battle;
And for these, their mother country,
Asia, mourns with mighty yearning;
Wives and mothers faint with trembling
Through the hours that slowly linger,
Counting each day as it passes.

Æschylus. Tr. E. H. Plumptre.

PERSIA.

PERSIA! time-honored land! who looks on thee
A desert, yet a Paradise, will see,
Vast chains of hills where not a shrub appears,
Wastes where no dews distil their diamond tears,
The only living things foul birds of prey,
Who whet their beaks, or court the solar ray,
And wolves that fill with howlings midnight's vale,
Turning the cheek of far-off traveller pale; —
Anon, the ravished eye delighted dwells
On chinar-groves and brightly watered dells;
Blooming where man and art have nothing done,
Pomegranates hang their rich fruit in the sun;
Grapes turn to purple many a rock's tall brow,
And globes of gold adorn the citron's bough;
Mid rose-trees hid, or perched on some high palm,
The bulbul sings through eve's delicious calm;
While girt by planes, or washed by cooling streams,
On some green flat the stately city gleams. —
'T is as a demon there had cast his frown,
And here an angel breathed a blessing down;

As if in nature as the human soul,
The god of darkness spurned heaven's bright control,
Good struggling hard with Evil's withering spell,
A smiling Eden on the marge of hell.
Immortal clime! where Zoroaster sprung,
And light on Persia's earlier history flung;
Let charity condemn not Iran's sage,
Who taught, reformed, and humanized his age.
In him one great as Mecca's prophet see,
But oh, more gentle, wise, and pure than he.

Nicholas Michell.

GULISTAN.

WHERE is Gulistan, the Land of Roses?
Not on hills where Northern winters
Break their spears in icy splinters,
And in shrouded snow the world reposes;
But amid the glow and splendor
Which the Orient summers lend her,
Blue the heaven above her beauty closes:
There is Gulistan, the Land of Roses.

Northward stand the Persian mountains;
Southward spring the silver fountains
Which to Hafiz taught his sweetest measures,
Clearly ringing to the singing
Which the nightingales delight in,
When the Spring, from Oman winging
Unto Shiraz, showers her fragrant treasures

On the land, till valleys brighten,
Mountains lighten with returning
Fires of scarlet poppy burning,
And the stream meanders,
Through its roseate oleanders,
And Love's golden gate, unfolden,
Opens on a universe of pleasures.

There the sunshine blazes over
Meadows gemmed with ruby clover;
There the rose's heart uncloses,
Prodigal with hoarded stores of sweetness,
And the lily's cup so still is
Where the river's waters quiver,
That no wandering air can spill his
Honeyed balm, or blight his beauty's fleetness.
Skies are fairest, days are rarest —
Thou, O Earth! a glory wearest
From the ecstasy thou bearest,
Once to feel the summer's full completeness.

Twilight glances, moonlit dances,
Song by starlight, there entrances
Youthful hearts with fervid fancies,
And the blushing rose of Love uncloses:
Love that, lapped in summer joyance,
Far from every rude annoyance,
Calmly on the answering love reposes;
And in song, in music only
Speaks the longing, vague and lonely,
Which to pain is there the nearest,

Yet of joys the sweetest, dearest,
As a cloud when skies are clearest
On its folds intenser light discloses:
This is Gulistan, the Land of Roses.

Bayard Taylor.

PERSIA.

Bendemeer, the River.

THE RIVER BENDEMEER.

THERE's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long;
In the time of my childhood 't was like a sweet dream,
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.

That bower and its music I never forget,
But oft when alone, in the bloom of the year,
I think, is the nightingale singing there yet?
Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer?

No, the roses soon withered that hung o'er the wave,
But some blossoms were gathered, while freshly they shone,
And a dew was distilled from their flowers, that gave
All the fragrance of summer, when summer was gone.

Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
An essence that breathes of it many a year;
Thus bright to my soul, as 't was then to my eyes,
Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer!

Thomas Moore.

Beysitoun, the Mountain.

MOUNT BEYSITOUN.

FERHÂD was a sculptor of transcendent genius, who, from his passionate love for Shireen, was a troublesome rival to Khosru. The king, to get rid of his presence by engaging him in an impossible task, promised that if he would, unaided, cut through the impassable mountain of Beysitoun a channel for a river, and hew all the masses of rock into statues, the lovely maid he adored should be the reward of his labors. The slave of love accepted the condition. The enamored statuary commenced his work, crying, every time he struck the rock, "Alas, Shireen!"

ON lofty Beysitoun the lingering sun
Looks down on ceaseless labors, long begun;
The mountain trembles to the echoing sound
Of falling rocks that from her sides rebound.
Each day, all respite, all repose, denied,
Without a pause the thundering strokes are plied;
The mist of night around the summits coils,
But still Ferhâd, the lover-artist, toils.
And still, the flashes of his axe between,
He sighs to every wind, "Alas, Shireen!"
A hundred arms are weak one block to move
Of thousands moulded by the hand of love
Into fantastic shapes and forms of grace,
That crowd each nook of that majestic place.
The piles give way, the rocky peaks divide,
The stream comes gushing on, a foaming tide, —
A mighty work for ages to remain,
The token of his passion and his pain.
As flows the milky flood from Allah's throne,

Rushes the torrent from the yielding stone.
And, sculptured there, amazed, stern Khosru stands,
And frowning sees obeyed his harsh commands;
While she, the fair beloved, with being rife,
Awakes from glowing marble into life.
O hapless youth! O toil repaid by woe!
A king thy rival, and the world thy foe.
Will she wealth, splendor, pomp, for thee resign,
And only genius, truth, and passion thine?
Around the pair, lo! chiselled courtiers wait,
And slaves and pages grouped in solemn state;
From columns imaged wreaths their garlands throw,
And fretted roofs with stars appear to glow:
Fresh leaves and blossoms seem around to spring,
And feathered throngs their loves seem murmuring.
The hands of Peris might have wrought those stems
Where dew-drops hang their fragile diadems,
And strings of pearl and sharp-cut diamonds shine,
New from the wave, or recent from the mine.
"Alas, Shireen!" at every stroke he cries, —
At every stroke fresh miracles arise.
"For thee my life one ceaseless toil has been;
Inspire my soul anew, — alas, Shireen!"

Nisami. Tr. W. R. Alger.

Desert of Persia.

HASSAN; OR, THE CAMEL-DRIVER.

IN silent horror o'er the boundless waste
The driver Hassan with his camels past:
One cruse of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contained a scanty store;
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his shaded face from scorching sand,
The sultry sun had gained the middle sky,
And not a tree and not an herb was nigh;
The beasts with pain their dusty way pursue:
Shrill roared the winds, and dreary was the view!
With desperate sorrow wild, the affrighted man
Thrice sighed; thrice struck his breast; and thus began:
"Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

"Ah! little thought I of the blasting wind,
The thirst, or pinching hunger that I find!
Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,
When fails this cruse, his unrelenting rage?
Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign;
Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine?

"Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal share!

Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
Or moss-crowned fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know
Which plains more blest, or verdant vales bestow;
Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found:
And faint and sickly winds forever howl around.
Sad was the hour and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

"Curst be the gold and silver which persuade
Weak men to follow far fatiguing trade!
The lily peace outshines the silver store,
And life is dearer than the golden ore;
Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
To every distant mart and wealthy town.
Full oft we tempt the land and oft the sea:
And are we only yet repaid by thee?
Ah! why was ruin so attractive made?
Or why fond man so easily betrayed?
Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
The gentle voice of peace, or pleasure's song?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's side,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
Why think we these less pleasing to behold
Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold?
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

"O, cease, my fears! all frantic as I go,
When thought creates unnumbered scenes of woe,
What if the lion in his rage I meet?

Oft in the dust I view his printed feet:
And, fearful! oft, when day's declining light,
Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,
By hunger roused he scours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train:
Before them Death with shrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

"At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep;
Or some swoln serpent twist his scales around,
And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor,
From lust of wealth, and dread of death secure!
They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find;
Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

"O hapless youth! — for she thy love hath won, —
The tender Zara will be most undone!
Big swelled my heart, and owned the powerful maid,
When fast she dropt her tears, as thus she said:
'Farewell the youth whom sighs could not detain:
Whom Zara's breaking heart implored in vain;
Yet, as thou goest, may every blast arise
Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs!
Safe o'er the wild, no perils mayst thou see,
No griefs endure; nor weep, false youth, like me.'

O, let me safely to the fair return;
Say, with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn;
O, let me teach my heart to lose its fears,
Recalled by Wisdom's voice, and Zara's tears."

He said, and called on heaven to bless the day,
When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

William Collins.

Gheber's Cliff.

GHEBER'S CLIFF.

THERE stood — but one short league away
From old Harmozia's sultry bay —
A rocky mountain, o'er the Sea
Of Oman beetling awfully;
A last and solitary link
Of those stupendous chains that reach
From the broad Caspian's reedy brink
Down winding to the Green Sea beach.
Around its base the bare rocks stood,
Like naked giants, in the flood,
As if to guard the Gulf across;
While on its peak, that braved the sky,
A ruined temple towered, so high
That oft the sleeping albatross
Struck the wild ruins with her wing,
And from her cloud-rocked slumbering

Started — to find man's dwelling there
In her own silent fields of air!
Beneath, terrific caverns gave
Dark welcome to each stormy wave
That dashed like midnight revellers in, —
And such the strange, mysterious din
At times throughout those caverns rolled, —
And such the fearful wonders told
Of restless sprites imprisoned there,
That bold were Moslem, who would dare,
At twilight hour, to steer his skiff
Beneath the Gheber's lonely cliff.

Thomas Moore.

Ispahan.

THE PERSIAN PEASANT.

IN Erivan
Once on a time there lived a poor, plain man;
A little garden was his sole possession,
To tend it was his only occupation.
A tree that stood upon his ground
Bore fruit well known and everywhere renowned,
So red and rich and round,
Such sunny radiance beaming,
With such balsamic juices teeming,
The very smell
Were quite enough to make a sick man well.
"By all means," said a neighbor, "take, good man,

A basket of this fruit to Ispahan!
The sheik, they say, has a sweet tooth, ay, marry,
And spends his money freely, I am told.
Mark me! for every piece of fruit you carry,
You shall bring home with you a piece of gold."
"'Faith, I myself should think so," says the man;
"The thing looks promising, — I 'll even do it."
He buys the finest basket he can find,
And packs into it
The choicest fruits assorted to his mind,
Takes leave of all his friends,
And gayly wends
His way along the road to Ispahan,
Already big and bright with many a plan,
What he will do with all the golden pieces;
Even now, in thought, his house, his ground increases:
And so the lightened moments ran,
And ere he thinks, he is at Ispahan.
To the chief marshals they announce his name;
The way at courts is everywhere the same:
To him who brings, the doors are always open;
Who comes to get, may long stand hoping.
The fruit is taken by the marshal,
Who soon returns, our worthy man informing,
His Majesty the Sheik is very partial,
To fruit so charming,
In his own person had devoured the store,
And praised it much, and asked for more.

Hey! my good Persian, what a trade!
Thou hast thy fortune made!

He watches till the moment suits
Softly to whisper in the emperor's ear,
He is the peasant with the fruits;
He stands where soon the emperor must appear,
He gazes down along the gorgeous hall,
Stares at the great, who here do seem so small;
At last he spies a dwarf among the swarm,
With such a queer and crooked form,
That the poor man
Must laugh, do all he can.
Unluckily this dwarf was the prime minister:
With a sharp look, so cross and sinister,
He squints at our poor friend. One word: the guard
Drag him away down stairs and through the yard.
Now he may sit and whistle for his purses
Of gold, in prison there; he curses
The tree, the garden; curses thrice,
Body and soul,
The neighbor whose advice
Brought him to this dark hole.
But all his curses cannot mend the matter,
Cannot undo what 's done, nor make it better.
And so a whole year fled, —
Too long a time by half
For one poor little laugh! —
Men thought no more of him than if he had been dead.

At length the time of fruit came round,
They brought the sheik the best that could be found:
He turned his nose up, laid them down again;

"T was not such fruit you brought me last year, — then
'T was worth an emperor's eating! where 's the fellow
Who brought me then the fruit so mellow?
Will he, perhaps, again come round this way?
Has none had tidings of him since that day?
Whence came he? Whither did he go?
Who is he? Quick, make search, and let me know!"

They search, and solve the mystery.
The emperor laughs to hear the tragic history:
"Good! bring him hither! I myself will see
That the poor devil's lot shall be
Better than this!"

He comes: "I know your story,
Good friend!" so says the sheik, "I 'm very sorry.
But for lost time, jail fare, and money due you,
Ask what you will, we 'll freely give it to you."

"Sir, give me only," answered the poor man,
"An axe, a bag of salt, and Alcoran."
The emperor to laugh began:
"What foolish stuff! Axe, salt, and Alcoran!"

"The axe, that I may fell the fruit-tree; then
The salt, to sow, that where
It grew, no thing may ever grow again;
And last the Koran, so that I may swear
A solemn oath, that I will never
(Though I should live forever),

Nor chick nor child of mine,
While sun and moon do shine,
Shall darken any more
The palace-door!"

Ludwig Heinrich von Nicolay. Tr. C. T. Brooks.

Khorassan (Bactria).

THE VEILED PROPHET.

IN that delightful province of the sun,
The first of Persian lands he shines upon,
Where, all the loveliest children of his beam,
Flowerets and fruits blush over every stream,
And, fairest of all streams, the Murga roves,
Among Merou's bright palaces and groves;
There, on that throne, to which the blind belief
Of millions raised him, sat the prophet-chief,
The great Mokanna. O'er his features hung
The veil, the silver veil, which he had flung
In mercy there, to hide from mortal sight
His dazzling brow, till man could bear its light.
For, far less luminous, his votaries said,
Were even the gleams, miraculously shed
O'er Moussa's cheek, when down the mount he trod,
All glowing from the presence of his God!

Thomas Moore.

Oman, Sea of (Arabian Sea).

OMAN'S SEA.

'TIS moonlight over Oman's Sea;
Her banks of pearl and palmy isles
Bask in the night-beam beauteously,
And her blue waters sleep in smiles.
'T is moonlight in Harmozia's walls,
And through her Emir's porphyry halls,
Where, some hours since, was heard the swell
Of trumpet and the clash of zel
Bidding the bright-eyed sun farewell; —
The peaceful sun, whom better suits
The music of the bulbul's nest,
Or the light touch of lovers' lutes,
To sing him to his golden rest.
All hushed, — there 's not a breeze in motion;
The shore is silent as the ocean.
If zephyrs come, so light they come,
Nor leaf is stirred nor wave is driven;
The wind-tower on the Emir's dome
Can hardly win a breath from heaven.

Thomas Moore.

Persepolis (*Istakar*).

PERSEPOLIS.

BUT where the forky lightning fiercest plays,
What shadowy columns meet the straining gaze?
Now wrapped in gloom, and now in light they stand,
As swift between them darts the fiery brand.
It seems as Ruin, revelling in high mirth
O'er fallen things, the beautiful of earth,
Led to this spot the demons of the storm,
To show and mock each lonely column's form:
Yet tower they still, though fierce, as now, the skies
Have launched their lightnings countless centuries,
Gazing upon the mountains, and on heaven,
As endless years to them were also given,
High raised above that wild and mournful plain,
Where pomp and pageant ne'er must shine again,
But the green turf wraps cities, and the waves
Of winding Kur sweep past a million graves:
Throned on their rock, they look like kings afar,
The columned pride of glorious Chil Minar!
Yes, storms! rage on! — at such an hour as this,
Grand is the scene at dark Persepolis.

We leave far west the ancient city's site,
And mount by marble steps the platform's height;
Here frowns a massive gateway, such as Nile
Sees on his banks, a strange and solemn pile,
And still another lifts its giant head,

The ground between with polished marbles spread.
There figures stand, of earth that scarcely seem,
Like those which filled the Apostle's wondrous dream,
The bull, the unicorn, and beauteous things,
Angels with starry wreaths, and high-spread wings;
While on each sweeping terrace' lofty face,
A countless host of human forms ye trace;
Kings, warriors, captives, from the granite start,
But rude the genius, coarse the sculptor's art.
Here, too, is carved that writing Europe's sage
Half fails to read in Wisdom's boasted age.
Strange, mystic, as those words once seen to fall
In spectral light on Babylonia's wall.

* * *

Here, too, came one who bartered all for power,
The dread Napoleon of earth's younger hour;
Ay, the same spot we calmly muse on now
Saw chiefs and kings to Alexander bow;
A conqueror, — yes, men praise and bend the knee,
Who spreads most woe, the greatest hero he.
But lo! that night on fancy casts its gloom,
That fearful night of revelry and doom,
When perished all things costly, bright, and fair,
And left, as now, these pillars stern and bare.
The feast is spread; around the monarch shine
Those earth-born pomps weak mortals deem divine;
High sits he on his throne of gems and gold,
Bright-starred and purple robes his limbs enfold;
No crown adorns his brow, for festive hours
Have wreathed his head with Bacchus' bloomy flowers;
Lamps, hung in silver chains, a softened glow

Shed on the warrior chiefs that group below.
There prince and noble round the board are met,
Who fought those fights embalmed in history yet;
But thoughts of slaughter past, and blood-stained fields,
Mar not the joys that gorgeous banquet yields;
Sparkles in cups of gold rich Cyprian wine,
Melts the Greek fig, the grapes of Ora shine;
Pears from far Bactria vie with Kerman's peach,
And fruit from climes e'en Greeks have failed to reach,
Hot Indian Isles, to Scythia's mountain snows, —
Each luscious orb on plates of crystal glows.
Hark! in the gilded gallery flute and lyre!
Strains soft as sighs of streaming love respire;
Then harp and sackbut bolder notes ring out,
Like victory's pæan o'er some army's rout.
And thus they revel; mirth and joy control
The sterner thoughts, the high aspiring soul;
And e'en the slaves, in sumptuous garments dressed,
Forget their toils to see their lords so blessed.

But what young beauty leans beside the king,
With form so graceful, air so languishing?
While other maids are glittering down that hall,
A moon mid earth's sweet stars, she dims them all.
Her mask is off, unveiled her radiant head,
A lovelier veil those flower-bound tresses spread;
A spangled zone her Grecian robe confines,
Bright on her breast a costly diamond shines,
But oh, more bright, that eye's entrancing ray
Melts where it falls, and steals the soul away!
Who looks must look again, and sighing own

Earth boasts, than tyrant Love's, no mightier throne:
Woman was born to vanquish, — he, the brave,
The nation-trampler, bowed, her veriest slave;
Yes, beauteous Thais, with Love's flag unfurled,
Conquered the blood-stained conqueror of the world!

Nicholas Michell.

THE HALL OF EBLIS.

THEY took their way (Vathek and his young bride,
The sweet Nouronihar) through summer fields
Of flowers, by sparkling rivers, fountains that
Splashed o'er the turf, by palm and tamarisk trees,
And where the dark pines talked to solitudes;
And oft beguiled the way with amorous songs,
Kisses and looks voluptuous; and they quaffed
At midday icéd waters which had grown
Cool in the valley of Roenabad. One thing
Did intervene to mar those quiet hours,
Which was ambition.
But these days passed by:
And then they journeyed among perilous sands,
Which the hot blast of the desert swept at times
To figures columnar; these subsiding, left
Open to view the wide horizon, where,
Lifting their heads, like mountains, to the skies,
Rose the dark towers of Istakar. The moon
Hid her pale face eclipsed, and sore afraid
Lest that the baleful atmosphere might shroud
Her light forever; and interlunar stars
Shrank and grew dim, as when the morning shows

His gray eye in the East. Forward they passed
Midst crumbling walls, and shaking minarets,
Where even the ivy grew not, and at last
Stood 'neath the mighty palace of those kings
Who ruled before the flood. It seemed as built
For all eternity; and its pillars threw
On the black platform long, large lines of shadow,
That lay upon the marble, like to things
Substantial, — countless and sky-touching towers
("Whose architecture was unknown amidst
The records of the earth") stood there, like that
Vast pile our ancestry once dared to raise
In old Chaldea, whence they met the wrath
Of God, and nature's own sweet language fled
The lips of men forever. Silence reigned;
And glimmering darkness in the middle air
Brooded, but shifting aye her shadowy wings,
Let horror creep between, and doubtful light;
And chill, sepulchral airs, that had no sound,
Touched the pale cheek of young Nouronihar:
And Vathek felt his heart grow cold, and stayed
His breath to listen, and he graspéd hard
Her trembling hand for mere companionship.

The stars now shone anew; and right against
The palace, carvéd curiously, were seen
Leopards and wingéd hippogriffs, and shapes
Unknown but to the bottoms of the deep,
And there, by all sea-monsters that we fear,
Dreaded, and left alone; above these forms
Were traced mysterious characters, that did yield

A welcome to the pair. Scarce had they read
When from amongst the ruins came a sound
Like anguish, and the yawning ground gave out
Blue subterranean fires, that showed a door
Whose barréd labyrinths led to Hell. There stood
The dwarféd Indian, grinning like a fiend;
"Welcome!" he cried, "both welcome! Ye are come
To see the prince of morning! Ye deserve
To see, and ye shall see him." Then he touched
The charméd lock, round which, invisibly,
A hundred watchful demons wheeled, and kept
Sacred the homes of starry Eblis. Wide
It opened with a horrid sound, and shut
(When Vathek and his bride had entered there)
Midst laughs, and shrieks exulting, like the noise
Of mountainous thunder, or the withering voice
Of him who from Vesuvius calls abroad
In madness, and casts out his blazing foam
Like rivers toward the sea.

At last they saw
The Hall of Eblis: vaulted 't was and high,
So none might mark the roofs! The pillars that
Stood like supporting giants, verged away
In long innumerable avenues, but
Met at a point bright as the sun, when he
Looks flaming on the sands of Palestine.
Each column bore a different character,
And by the lambent flames that played about
Like snakes, and pointed their ethereal spires
Towards the stupendous capitals (which seemed
Wrought in the finer times of Greece, when men

Struck arméd Pallas from a senseless stone
To life, and shaped those matchless deities,
Venus, and stern Apollo, and the rest)
Strange letters might be seen, — their import known
To none but the immortals. The sad pair
Traversed a scene of luxury and woe;
They trod on gold and flowers, while from the ground
Voluptuous odors steamed, whose breath was sweet
As hers whom story fabled once the Queen
Of Beauty; there saffron, and citron boughs,
Cedar, and sweet perfuming sandalwoods
Were burning; and distilled and fragrant waters
Sparkled in crystal; but around them stalked
Figures like men, — all silent, — with despair
On every face, and each did press his hand
Against his heart, and shunned his fellow-wretch.

Upon a globe of fire sat Eblis. He
Was prince of all the spirits that rebelled
'Gainst God and met perdition. He was young
Still; and, but that some pride burned in his eye,
You might have pitied him. His flowing hair,
Streaming like sunbeams, told he must have been
An angel once, and fair, and beautiful;
Nay, in his fallen station, he retained
A relic of his old nobility;
And though he fell, you would have said he fell
For aiming at — a world. "Creatures," he said,
"Creatures of clay! I number ye amongst
My subjects and adorers: live ye here
Forever and forever." Then his orb,

Receding from the presence of the damned,
Shrunk to a point of light, and as it shrunk
The hearts of his believers withered, and burned
Internally (as he had left behind
A portion of his fire), and on their souls
Came darkness and dismay; and all knew then
The unconsuming flame was come; and each
Hated himself and fellow. Thus they lived
For ages and for ages, a sad prey
To fires perpetual, and endless fear;
Sorrow, although they loved not; hot desires,
That never could be quelled; hunger and thirst,
Fierce jealousy, and groundless doubt, and hate,
And blasting envy, and (midst other ills)
Sense of contempt in others. Thus they lived:
And not one creature ever after knew
What 't was to — hope.

Bryan Waller Procter.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

I.

'T WAS at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft, in awful state,
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne;
His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound
(So should desert in arms be crowned);
The lovely Thais by his side
Sate, like a blooming Eastern bride,

In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

II.

Timotheus, placed on high,
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touched the lyre;
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above
(Such is the power of mighty Love).
A dragon's fiery form belied the god;
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia pressed,
And while he sought her snowy breast;
Then, round her slender waist he curled,
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound, —
A present deity! they shout around;
A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound.
With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

III.

The praise of Bacchus, then, the sweet musician sung, —
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young;
The jolly god in triumph comes:
Sound the trumpets; beat the drums!
Flushed with a purple grace,
He shows his honest face;
Now give the hautboys breath, — he comes, he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure;
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

IV.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again:
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise, —
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And, while he Heaven and Earth defied,
Changed his hand, and checked his pride.
He chose a mournful Muse,
Soft pity to infuse,
He sung Darius great and good,

By too severe a fate
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen, —
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood;
Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed:
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.

V.

The mighty master smiled, to see
That Love was in the next degree;
'T was but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honor but an empty bubble, —
Never ending, still beginning, —
Fighting still, and still destroying;
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, oh, think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thais sits beside thee, —
Take the goods the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause;

So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again.
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

VI.

Now strike the golden lyre again, —
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain!
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark! hark! the horrid sound
Has raised up his head;
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed, he stares around.
Revenge! revenge! Timotheus cries;
See the Furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain,
Inglorious, on the plain!
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.

Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods!
The princes applaud with a furious joy,
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

VII.

Thus, long ago, —
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute, —
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies, —
She drew an angel down.

John Dryden.

Persian Gulf (Green Sea).

PERSIAN GULF.

THE morn hath risen clear and calm,
And o'er the Green Sea palely shines,
Revealing Bahrein's groves of palm,
And lighting Kishma's amber vines.
Fresh smell the shores of Araby,
While breezes from the Indian sea
Blow round Selama's sainted cape,
And curl the shining flood beneath, —
Whose waves are rich with many a grape,
And cocoa-nut and flowery wreath,
Which pious seamen, as they passed,
Had toward that holy headland cast, —
Oblations to the Genii there
For gentle skies and breezes fair!
The nightingale now bends her flight
From the high trees, where all the night
She sung so sweet, with none to listen,
And hides her from the morning star
Where thickets of pomegranate glisten
In the clear dawn, — bespangled o'er
With dew, whose night-drops would not stain
The best and brightest scimitar
That ever youthful Sultan wore
On the first morning of his reign!

Thomas Moore.

Shiraz.

HENRY MARTYN AT SHIRAZ.

A VISION of the bright Shiraz, of Persian bards the theme:
The vine with bunches laden hangs o'er the crystal stream;
The nightingale all day her notes in rosy thickets trills,
And the brooding heat-mist faintly lies along the distant hills.

About the plain are scattered wide in many a crumbling heap,
The fanes of other days, and tombs where Iran's poets sleep;
And in the midst, like burnished gems, in noonday light repose
The minarets of bright Shiraz, — the City of the Rose.

One group beside the river-bank in rapt discourse are seen,
Where hangs the golden orange on its boughs of purest green;
Their words are sweet and low, and their looks are lit with joy;
Some holy blessing seems to rest on them and their employ.

The pale-faced Frank among them sits: what brought
him from afar?
Nor bears he bales of merchandise, nor teaches skill
in war:
One pearl alone he brings with him, — the Book of life
and death; —
One warfare only teaches he, — to fight the fight of faith.

And Iran's sons are round him, and one, with solemn
tone,
Tells how the Lord of Glory was rejected by his own;
Tells, from the wondrous Gospel, of the trial and the
doom,
The words divine of love and might, — the scourge,
the cross, the tomb!

Far sweeter to the stranger's ear those Eastern accents
sound,
Than music of the nightingale that fills the air around:
Lovelier than balmiest odors sent from gardens of the
rose,
The fragrance from the contrite soul and chastened lip
that flows.

The nightingales have ceased to sing, the roses' leaves
are shed,
The Frank's pale face in Tocat's field hath mouldered
with the dead:
Alone and all unfriended, midst his Master's work he
fell,
With none to bathe his fevered brow, with none his
tale to tell.

But still those sweet and solemn tones about him sound in bliss,
And fragrance from those flowers of God for evermore is his:
For his the meed, by grace, of those who, rich in zeal and love,
Turn many unto righteousness, and shine as stars above.

Henry Alford.

SHIRAZ.

CITY of palaces! how sweet the sight,
As there it spreads, all steeped in golden light!
Flashing as if some precious gem were set
On each rich dome and pointed minaret,
The plane and cypress lofty as the towers,
And homes still seen through intermingling bowers.
Behold the stir of life! the turbaned throng
Comes forth like bees, and pours the walks along:
Hark! from his shrine the Muezzin calls to prayer,
And far those sounds the wandering breezes bear:
"Allah is great!" seems whispering through the sky;
"Allah is great!" the caverned hills reply;
The peasant hears, and, kneeling on the sod
With face toward Mecca, breathes the name of God;
And e'en the child, mid blossomed groves at play,
Stops in his pastime — "God is great!" to say!

* * *

Shiraz! the proud! not yet her fame hath ceased,
Nurse of bright genius, Athens of the East!
Where, sage and poet, brilliant Sadi sprang,

And, crowned with Love's own garlands, Hafiz sang,—
Hafiz, who shed Joy's spell on every theme,
And painted life one rapturous summer dream.
With verdure still the poet's lawns are clad,
Still roses bend o'er crystal Roknabad;
And maidens, like young peris, fresh and gay,
Dance 'neath the shades of bowery Mossela;
Now to crisp gold Morn turns the babbling waves
That murmur near the tuneful brothers' graves,
And yew-trees, softening, cast no shade of gloom,
Bending like calm blessed watchers o'er each tomb.

But not for us the gorgeous city smiles,
With couch of softness, and sweet woman's wiles;
'T is ours to urge our lone untiring way
Through wrecks of years, memorials of decay,
Striving with curious aim aside to cast
The veil which shrouds the Isis of the past.
Near Shiraz giant groups of ruin stand,
The pride of taste, the boast of Persia's land:
The dark o'erhanging hills our footsteps gain,
Wild and majestic sweeps that mountain-chain;
No trees adorn the slopes, or corn, or flowers,
But ruined shrines of fire, and mouldered towers.
Ah! well the smile from azure skies hath gone,
And Nature here put Terror's garment on:
The clouds their inky pall have hung on high,
The blast comes muttering like a spirit by.

Nicholas Michell.

THE STAR-FLOWER.

WHERE Time the measure of his hours
By changeful bud and blossom keeps,
And, like a young bride crowned with flowers,
Fair Shiraz in her garden sleeps;

Where to her poet's turban stone,
The Spring her gift of flowers imparts,
Less sweet than those his thoughts have sown
In the warm soil of Persian hearts;

There sat the stranger, where the shade
Of scattered date-trees thinly lay,
While in the hot clear heaven delayed
The long and still and weary day.

Strange trees and fruits above him hung,
Strange odors filled the sultry air,
Strange birds upon the branches swung,
Strange insect voices murmured there.

And strange bright blossoms shone around,
Turned sunward from the shadowy bowers,
As if the Gheber's soul had found
A fitting home in Iran's flowers.

Whate'er he saw, whate'er he heard,
Awakened feelings new and sad, —

No Christian garb, nor Christian word,
Nor church with Sabbath-bell chimes glad,

But Moslem graves, with turban stones,
And mosque-spires gleaming white, in view,
And graybeard Mollahs in low tones
Chanting their Koran service through.

The flowers which smiled on either hand,
Like tempting fiends, were such as they
Which once, o'er all that Eastern land,
As gifts on demon altars lay.

As if the burning eye of Baal
The servant of his Conqueror knew,
From skies which knew no cloudy veil,
The Sun's hot glances smote him through.

"Ah me!" the lonely stranger said,
"The hope which led my footsteps on,
And light from heaven around them shed,
O'er weary wave and waste, is gone!

"Where are the harvest fields all white,
For Truth to thrust her sickle in?
Where flock the souls, like doves in flight,
From the dark hiding-place of sin?

"A silent horror broods o'er all, —
The burden of a hateful spell, —
The very flowers around recall
The hoary magi's rites of hell!

"And what am I, o'er such a land
The banner of the cross to bear?
Dear Lord, uphold me with thy hand,
Thy strength with human weakness share!"

He ceased; for at his very feet
In mild rebuke a floweret smiled, —
How thrilled his sinking heart to greet
The Star-flower of the Virgin's child!

Sown by some wandering Frank, it drew
Its life from alien air and earth,
And told to Paynim sun and dew
The story of the Saviour's birth.

From scorching beams, in kindly mood,
The Persian plants its beauty screened,
And on its pagan sisterhood,
In love, the Christian floweret leaned.

With tears of joy the wanderer felt
The darkness of his long despair
Before that hallowed symbol melt
Which God's dear love had nurtured there.

From Nature's face that simple flower
The lines of sin and sadness swept;
And Magian pile and Paynim bower
In peace like that of Eden slept.

Each Moslem tomb, and cypress old,
Looked holy through the sunset air;

And angel-like, the Muezzin told
From tower and mosque the hour of prayer

With cheerful steps, the morrow's dawn
From Shiraz saw the stranger part;
The Star-flower of the Virgin-Born
Still blooming in his hopeful heart!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Susa (Shooster).

SUSA.

FAR south of Ctesiphon, where Ulai flows,
That heard of old the song of Israel's woes,
Ye meet a shapeless building, low and rude,
Wild as the scene, where all is solitude;
Who owned in other days this moss-clad cell?
Here, Allah's child, did some blessed dervish dwell,
Hoping, by scorning pleasure, hating man,
And dragging on in woe life's wretched span,
To win his prophet's praises in the skies,
Sit in bright bowers, and bask in houris' eyes?—
No, yon small ruin marks the ancient dead;
Hushed be thy voice, and walk with reverent tread;
Towers near a mighty mound,—'t is all ye see
Of Persia's boast, of Susa's majesty;
Wild fern and rue around thee whispering wave,
Meet to adorn a perished people's grave.

Now on that tomb sleep evening's mellow rays,
Its dark sides softening in the golden haze;
The heart throbs high, yet solemn feeling steeps
The awe-struck soul, for here famed Daniel sleeps!

Mighty of eld! interpreter of dreams!
Stern, mystic, awful, as his sacred themes!
We pause, and doubt his very bones can rest
Beneath this heathy turf, the wild-bird's nest;
Yet here stood Susa, — there those waters roll,
Where heaven-born visions burst on Daniel's soul;
Yes, he, the favored of Chaldea's kings,
Who swept the future's depths on prophet-wings,
Hath oft, perchance, roamed here in thought sublime,
Mused by these murmuring waves, unchanged by time,
At night's deep hour yon lonely mountains trod,
Mourned for his captive race, and called on God.

* * *

Susa! that held the wealth of Persia's kings,
Gold, silver, gems, and luxury's sweetest things;
Susa! the pleasant city of delight,
With groves so shady, and with streams so bright,
Where sang the bulbul to his blushing rose,
Half matched by Beauty's lyre at evening's close;
Where spread those lily-gardens far and near,
Like carpets of soft snow through half the year,
Save that they breathed perfumes as purely sweet
As wreaths of angels, when the blessed they meet;
Save that their tall green stems hid frolic Love,
Who laughed and played, and still would peep above,

Crowning the maid he lured amid their flowers
With blooms all fresh as those in Eden's bowers.

Alas for Susa! Climb we thoughtful, slow,
The giant mound, the Hebrew's grave below.
The eye looks east and west, but all is bare,
A drear expanse, a savage desert there;
And other mounds in wild confusion sweep,
Like waves heaped high, then frozen on the deep.
The joyous city, and the murmuring crowd,
The lily-garden, and the palace proud,
The lutes of maids, the bulbul's melting song,
The happy groups that danced the meads along, —
All now have mingled with the eternal past,
A lamp gone out, a dream that might not last,
And o'er these heaps Oblivion waves her wing,
And the poor grasshopper will scarce be king!

Yet interest haloes still fair Susa's name,
And hearts unborn shall treasure up her fame,
Shall thrill sweet Esther's varied tale to hear,
And for the wrongs of Vashti ask a tear.
Pilgrims, when we are dust, shall climb this mound,
And gaze like us, and sink in thought profound.
Here, too, when day along the desert dies,
And sunset glories slowly quit the skies,
Will lean the dreamer, and in fancy see
Gay sights of old, and pomp no more to be.
High on yon pile where rays of violet fall,
Will feast Darius, throned amidst his hall,
In deeper shade sad Vashti wander by,

Weep for her lord, and breathe her fruitless sigh.
There Mordecai will watch the palace gate,
And proud Hamán defy approaching fate;
While, as the stars peep out, and silvery beams
Light sacred Ulai, and Choaspes' streams,
And desert flowers their dewy eyelids close,
And all but elves and peris seek repose,
That group of chosen maids will seem to shine,
Sweet as the flowers, and as the stars divine, —
The maids from every country gathered there,
The pale, the rosy-cheeked, the dark, the fair,
The bright, the languid-eyed, the short, the tall,
And Hebrew Esther, — loveliest of them all!

Nicholas Michell.

Thus.

THUS.

SHAH MAHOMET full well had dined,
And his soul to be merry is fully inclined.

In the garden at twilight, on purple seat
He sits by the fountain. Its splashing sounds sweet.

With looks respectful his servants stand:
His favorite Ansari 's amongst the band.

From marble vases a fiery gush
Of luxuriant flowers appears to rush.

Like Odalisques with graceful arms
Stand fanning themselves the slender palms.

The cypresses stand with branches unfurled,
As if dreaming of heaven, forgetting the world.

But sudden to strains of the lute erelong
Is heard a gentle mysterious song.

The Shah sprang up, as if sorely perplexed:
"Who wrote of this song the charming text?"

Ansari, from whom he sought to know it,
Replied: "'T is the work of Ferdusi the poet."

"Ferdusi!" exclaimed the prince in dismay, —
"Where is he? How fares the poet, O, say!"

Ansari gave answer: "In poverty great
He has lived full long in a mournful state

"At Thus, the native town of the bard,
Where he in his garden works full hard."

Shah Mahomet paused, and presently said:
"Ansari, a thought has come into my head.

"To my stables make haste, and with hands unthrifty
Take a hundred mules, and camels fifty.

"And lade them all with every treasure
That fills the heart of a mortal with pleasure,

"With splendid articles, rich and rare,
With costly dresses and furniture fair

"Of sandalwood and ivory white,
With gold and silver tissues dight;

"With precious-handled goblets and pots,
And leopard-skins, all covered with spots,

"With carpets and shawls and the richest brocade
That in my kingdom has ever been made.

"And don't forget to pack with the rest
Some glittering arms, and of housings the best,

"As well as drinks of every kind
And eatables such as in pots we find,

"And almond cakes and sweetmeats Egyptian,
And gingerbread of every description,

"And also add a dozen steeds
As swift as arrows, of Arab breeds,

"And likewise a dozen slaves, black as coals,
With bodies of steel, and sturdy souls.

"Ansari, when all these things thou hast got,
Thou must start on thy journey, and linger not.

"Thou must take them all with my kind regard
To Thus, to Ferdusi, the mighty bard."

Ansari fulfilled his lord's behest,
And loaded the camels and mules with the best

And costliest presents, the value of which
Was enough to make a whole province quite rich.

In propria persona he left at last
The palace, when some three days had past,

And with a general's banner red
In front of the caravan he sped.

At the end of a week to Thus came they;
The town at the foot of the mountain lay.

The caravan the western gate
With shouts and noises entered straight.

The trumpets sounded, the loud drums beat,
And songs of triumph rang through the street.

"La Illa Il Allah!" with joyous shout
The camel-drivers were calling out.

But through the east gate at the farther end
Of Thus, at that moment chanced to wend

The funeral train so full of gloom,
That the dead Ferdusi bore to his tomb.

Heinrich Heine. Tr. E. A. Bowring.

INDIA.

INTRODUCTORY.

BRAHMA.

I AM the mote in the sunbeam, and I am the burning sun;
"Rest here!" I whisper the atom; I call to the orb,
"Roll on!"

I am the blush of morning, and I am the evening breeze;
I am the leaf's low murmur, the swell of the terrible seas;

I am the net, the fowler, the bird and its frightened cry,
The mirror, the form reflected, the sound and its echo, I;

The lover's passionate pleading, the maiden's whispered fear,
The warrior, the blade that smites him, his mother's heart-wrung tear;

I am intoxication, grapes, wine-press, and must and wine,
The guest, the host, the tavern, the goblet of crystal fine;

I am the breath of the flute, I am the mind of man,
Gold's glitter, the light of the diamond, and the sea-pearl's lustre wan,

The rose, her poet nightingale, the songs from his throat that rise,
Flint sparks, the taper, the moth, that about it flies.

I am both Good and Evil; the deed and the deed's intent,
Temptation, victim, sinner, crime, pardon and punishment,

I am what was, is, will be; creation's ascent and fall;
The link, the chain of existence; beginning and end of all.

Dschelaleddin Rumi. Tr. F. F. Ritter.

BRAHMA.

IF the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near,
Shadow and sunlight are the same.

The vanished gods to me appear,
And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me they fly, I am the wings,
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred Seven;
But thou, meek lover of the good!
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

BRAHMA.

I AM the dweller with the one high God,
And God himself dwells here, unseen, with me!
He is embodied in the meanest clod,
And he exists in every stone and tree.

Man thinks he slays me, saying, God is naught:
For chance first framed and still creation sways:
I am the chance he worships in his thought,
And I am all to which he homage pays.

"As milk to curd, as water is to ice,"
So do I change my ever-changing form;
I am fair virtue, I am hideous vice,
I am the sunshine and the raging storm.

All things to me, how far soe'er they seem,
Are near, for I am earth, air, water, fire;
The life of man is but a "fitful dream,"
And all created things to me aspire.

Many may doubt, — 't is I who gave them thought
With which they vainly think from me to flee, —
Dispel illusions! seek me as you ought!
Say "I am Brahma" — in thyself find me.

Wouldst thou this riddle read? I am the Soul,
Whence both the known and unknown have their start,
And I am God, for God is but the whole,
Of which all souls form each an equal part.

Anonymous.

NIRVANA.

ALONG the scholar's glowing page
I read the Orient thinker's dream
Of things that are not what they seem, —
Of mystic chant and Soma's rage.

The sunlight flooding all the room
To me again was Indra's smile,
And on the hearth the blazing pile
For Agni's sake did fret and fume.

Yet most I read of who aspire
To win Nirvana's deep repose,

Of that long way the Spirit goes
To reach the absence of desire.

But through the music of my book
Another music smote my ear,
A tinkle silver-sweet and clear, —
The babble of the mountain-brook.

"O, leave," it said, "your ancient seers;
Come out into the woods with me;
Behold an older mystery
Than Buddhist's hope or Brahman's fears!"

The voice so sweet I could but hear;
I sallied forth, with staff in hand,
While, mile on mile, the mountain-land
Was radiant with the dying year.

I heard the startled partridge whir,
And crinkling through the tender grass
I saw the striped addér pass,
Where dropped the chestnut's prickly bur.

I saw the miracle of life
From death upspringing evermore;
The fallen tree a forest bore
Of tiny forms with beauty rife.

I gathered mosses rare and sweet,
The acorn in its carven cup:
Mid heaps of leaves, wind-gathered up,
I trod with half-remorseful feet.

The maple's blush I made my own,
The sumac's crimson splendor bold,
The poplar's hue of paly gold,
The faded chestnut, crisp and brown.

I climbed the mountain's shaggy crest,
Where masses huge of molten rock,
After long years of pain and shock,
Fern-covered, from their wanderings rest.

Far, far below the valley spread
Its rich, roof-dotted, wide expanse;
And further still the sunlight's dance
The amorous river gayly led.

But still, with all I heard or saw
There mingled thoughts of that old time,
And that enchanted eastern clime
Where Buddha gave his mystic law, —

Till, wearied with the lengthy way,
I found a spot where all was still,
Just as the sun behind the hill
Was making bright the parting day.

On either side the mountains stood,
Masses of color rich and warm;
And over them in giant form
The rosy moon serenely glowed.

My heart was full as it could hold;
The Buddha's paradise was mine;

My mountain-nook its inmost shrine,
The fretted sky its roof of gold.

Nirvana's peace my soul had found, —
Absence complete of all desire, —
While the great moon was mounting higher,
And deeper quiet breathed around.

John White Chadwick.

ALEXANDER IN INDIA.

It was thine,
Immortal son of Macedon! to hang
In the high fane of maritime renown
The fairest trophies of thy fame, and shine,
Then only like a god, when thy great mind
Swayed in its master council the deep tide
Of things, predestining the eventful roll
Of commerce, and uniting either world,
Europe and Asia, in thy vast design.
'T was when the victor, in his proud career,
O'er ravaged Hindostan, had now advanced
Beyond Hydaspes; on the flowery banks
Of Hyphasis, with banners thronged, his camp
Was spread. On high he bade the altars rise,
The awful records to succeeding years
Of his long march of glory, and to point
The spot where, like the thunder rolled away,
His army paused. Now shady eve came down;
The trumpet sounded to the setting sun,

That looked from his illumed pavilion, calm
Upon the scene of arms, as if, all still,
And lovely as his parting light, the world
Beneath him spread; nor clangors, nor deep groans,
Were heard, nor victory's shouts, nor sighs, nor shrieks,
Were ever wafted from a bleeding land,
After the havoc of a conqueror's sword.
So calm the sun declined; when from the woods,
That shone to his last beam, a Brahmin old
Came forth. His streaming beard shone in the ray,
That slanted o'er his feeble frame; his front
Was furrowed. To the sun's last light he cast
A look of sorrow, then in silence bowed
Before the conqueror of the world. At once
All, as in death, was still. The victor chief
Trembled, he knew not why; the trumpet ceased
Its clangor, and the crimson streamer waved
No more in folds insulting to the Lord
Of the reposing world. The pallid front
Of the meek man seemed for a moment calm,
Yet dark and thronging thoughts appeared to swell
His beating heart. He paused, — and then abrupt:
Victor, avaunt! he cried,
Hence! and the banners of thy pride
Bear to the deep! Behold on high
Yon range of mountains mingled with the sky!
It is the place
Where the great Father of the human race
Rested, when all the world and all its sounds
Ceased; and the ocean that surrounds
The earth, leaped from its dark abode

Beneath the mountains, and enormous flowed,
The green earth deluging! List, soldier, list!
And dread His might no mortal may resist.

William Lisle Bowles.

THE LAST DAY OF TIPPOO SAIB.

THAT day he rose Sultan of half the East.
The guards awoke, each from his feverish dream
Of conquest or of fear: the trumpet plained
Through the far citadel, and thousands trooped
Obedient to its mournful melody,
Soldier and chief and slave: and he the while
Traversed his hall of power, and with a look
Deeply observant glanced on all: then, waving
His dusky arm, struck through the listening crowd
Silence and dumb respect: from his fierce tongue
Streamed words of vengeance; fame he promised,
And wealth and honors to the brave, but woe
To those who failed him. There he stood, a king
Half circled by his Asian chivalry,
In figure as some Indian god, or like
Satan when he beneath his burning dome
Marshalled the fiery cherubim, and called
All hell to arms. The sun blazed into day;
Then busy sights were seen, and sounds of war
Came thickening: first the steed's shrill neigh; the drum
Rolling at intervals; the bugle note,
Mixed with the hoarse command; then (nearing on)

The soldier's silent, firm, and regular tread;
The trampling horse; the clash of swords; the wheel
That, creaking, bore the dread artillery.
How fierce the dark king bore him on that day!
How bravely! Like a common slave he fought,
Heedless of life, and cheered the soldier on;
Deep in his breast the bullets sank, but he
Kept on, and this looked nobly, — like a king.
That day he earned a title with his life,
And made his foes respect him. Towards night
He grew faint, very faint with many wounds:
His soldiers bore him in: they wept: he was
Their old commander, and, whate'er his life,
Had led them on to conquest. Then (it was
His wish) they placed him on his throne. He sate
Like some dark form of marble, with an eye
Staring, and strained with pain, and motionless,
And glassy as with death: his lips compressed
Spoke inward agony, yet seemed he resolute
To die a king. An enemy came, and strove
To tear away his regal diadem:
Then turned his eye: he rose, — one angry blush
Tinted his cheek, and fled. He grasped his sword,
And struck his last, faint, useless blow, and then
Stood all defenceless. Ah! a flash, and quick
Fled the dark ball of death: right through the brain
It went (a mortal messenger), and all
That then remained of that proud Asian king,
Who startled India far and wide, and shook
The deserts with his thunder, was — a name.

Bryan Waller Procter.

THE RIVER RALDIVVIR.

IN Hindostan runneth a river,
A river that runs from a region
As holy and dread
As Vishnu's own head;
Its mystical name is Raldivvir,
Raldivvir the Red,
And broad as the ranks of a legion
It flows o'er its bed.

Far back ere the world was yet weary,
While Aryan tribes were still roaming,
No river ran there,
But, arid and bare,
A desolate desert lay dreary,
And burning and dry;
No wild beast that fled with mouth foaming;
Fled there but to die.

A tribe that had wandered and wandered
Far into the desert, were dying
Beneath the fierce sun,
The blinding, fierce sun,
While round them the hot sand-storms thundered.
They died one by one;
The wild sand-storms round them were flying,
Escape there was none.

Then out spake the chieftain Volezert,
The chief of the gray-bearded sages:

"O Vishnu, I pray
Thou lead us the way
From out of this terrible desert,
And lo! I will build
A shrine that shall show through the ages
Thy glory fulfilled."

He bowed to the ground and he waited,
But all that he heard was the creeping
Of sand in the wind,
Till, choking and blind,
"My children," he said, "we are fated,
And near is the end."
Then wild with despair and with weeping
Friend held unto friend.

They cried to their gods, but no answer
Came forth from the darkness, sand-laden,
When swift as a glance,
Erect as a lance,
Up started Raldivvir, the dancer,
A maiden so fair,
So pure and so fair that no maiden
With her could compare.

"O Vishnu, I come to thee, lowly;
No shrine can I build to thy glory,
But now would I die,
That all here may fly
From death, and, O Vishnu the holy,
I call on thy name."

She ceased, and the sages, the hoary
Old men, flushed with shame.

They gazed at the kneeling Raldivvir,
Then shouted, "Her prayer is availing!"
For leaping to light,
A rivulet bright
Sprang forth and it grew to a river;
It grew all the day.
They builded them boats and went sailing
Away, far away.

And now the tall, swaying pomegranate
Bends low o'er the banks of the river.
The tiger is there,
Crouched low in his lair,
Where swiftly beneath the red planet
The waves run as red
As blood of the maiden Raldivvir,
Raldivvir the dead.

John G. Wilson.

INDIA.

AND this is India, — soul and eye, spell-bound,
Might muse and gaze, such glories blazing round;
And still, despite all war's red bolts have riven,
And time hath crushed, her sun is high in heaven.
Yes, since the day when Pella's conqueror came,
Bursting from Persia's hills with sword of flame,
And rajahs fled, and vanquished Porus sighed,

And Hindoo blood the deep Hydaspes dyed,
Ages small change have wrought; on hills and plains
Old customs live, the primal race remains.
The Hindoo mind still superstition sways,
Still to his Triune god the Brahmin prays;
The laws of "caste" each generous hope restrain,
And bind all mental powers with palsying chain.
Still lives that old belief the Samian taught,
Insects and brutes with human souls are fraught,
Souls doomed to wander for uncounted years,
Till, pure from earthly dross, they seek the spheres.

Nicholas Michell.

INDIA.

VAST are the shores of India's wealthful soil;
Southward sea-girt she forms a demi-isle:
His caverned cliffs with dark-browed forests crowned,
Hemodian Taurus frowns her northern bound:
From Caspia's lake the enormous mountain spreads,
And bending eastward rears a thousand heads:
Far to extremest sea the ridges thrown,
By various names through various tribes are known:
Here down the waste of Taurus' rocky side
Two infant rivers pour the crystal tide,
Indus the one, and one the Ganges named,
Darkly of old through distant nations famed:
One eastward curving holds his crooked way,
One to the west gives his swoln tide to stray:
Declining southward many a land they lave,
And widely swelling roll the sea-like wave.

Till the twin offspring of the mountain sire
Both in the Indian deep ingulfed expire.
Between these streams, fair smiling to the day,
The Indian lands their wide domains display,
And many a league, far to the south they bend,
From the broad region where the rivers end,
Till where the shores to Ceylon's isle oppose,
In conic form the Indian regions close.
To various laws the various tribes incline,
And various are the rites esteemed divine:
Some as from heaven receive the Koran's lore,
Some the dread monsters of the wild adore;
Some bend to wood and stone the prostrate head,
And rear unhallowed altars to the dead.
By Ganges' banks, as wild traditions tell,
Of old the tribes lived healthful by the smell;
No food they knew, such fragrant vapors rose
Rich from the flowery lawns where Ganges flows:
Here now the Delhian, and the fierce Patan
Feed their fair flocks; and here, an heathen clan,
Stern Decam's sons the fertile valleys till,
A clan, whose hope to shun eternal ill,
Whose trust from every stain of guilt to save,
Is fondly placed in Ganges' holy wave;
If to the stream the breathless corpse be given
They deem the spirit wings her way to heaven.
Here by the mouths, where hallowed Ganges ends,
Bengala's beauteous Eden wide extends;
Unrivalled smile her fair luxurious vales:
And here Cambaya spreads her palmy dales;
A warlike realm, where still the martial race

From Porus famed of yore their lineage trace.
Narsinga here displays her spacious line;
Her sons in native gold and ruby shine:
Alas, how vain! these gaudy sons of fear,
Trembling, bow down before each hostile spear.
And now behold;—and while he spoke he rose;
Now with extended arm the prospect shows,—
Behold these mountain-tops of various size
Blend their dim ridges with the fleecy skies;
Nature's rude wall, against the fierce Canar
They guard the fertile lawns of Malabar.
Here from the mountain to the surgy main,
Fair as a garden spreads the smiling plain:
And lo! the Empress of the Indian powers,
There lofty Calicut resplendent towers;
Hers every fragrance of the spicy shore,
Hers every gem of India's countless store:
Great Samoreem, her Lord's imperial style,
The mighty Lord of India's utmost soil:
To him the kings their duteous tribute pay,
And at his feet confess their borrowed sway.
Yet higher towered the monarch's ancient boast;
Of old one sovereign ruled the spacious coast.
A votive train, who brought the Koran's lore,
What time great Perimal the sceptre bore;
From blessed Arabia's groves to India came:
Life were their words, their eloquence a flame
Of holy zeal: fired by the powerful strain
The lofty monarch joins the faithful train,
And vows, at fair Medina's shrine, to close
His life's mild eve in prayer and sweet repose.

Gifts he prepares to deck the Prophet's tomb,
The glowing labors of the Indian loom,
Orixa's spices and Golconda's gems:
Yet, ere the fleet the Arabian ocean stems,
His final care his potent regions claim,
Nor his the transport of a father's name;
His servants now the regal purple wear,
And high enthroned the golden sceptres bear.
Proud Cochim one, and one fair Chalé sways,
The spicy isle another lord obeys:
Coulam and Cananoor's luxurious fields,
And Cranganore to various lords he yields.
While these and others thus the monarch graced,
A noble youth his care unmindful passed:
Save Calicut, a city poor and small,
Though lordly now, no more remained to fall;
Grieved to behold such merit thus repaid,
The sapient youth the king of kings he made,
And honored with the name, great Samoreem,
The lordly titled boast of power supreme.
And now great Perimal resigns his reign,
The blissful bowers of Paradise to gain;
Before the gale his gaudy navy flies,
And India sinks forever from his eyes.
And soon to Calicut's commodious port
The fleets, deep-edging with the wave, resort:
Wide o'er the shore extend the war-like piles,
And all the landscape round luxurious smiles,
And now her flag to every gale unfurled,
She towers the Empress of the eastern world:

Such are the blessings sapient kings bestow,
And from thy stream such gifts, O Commerce, flow.
From that sage youth, who first reigned king of kings,
He now who sways the tribes of India springs.
Various the tribes, all led by fables vain,
Their rites the dotage of the dreamful brain.
All, save where Nature whispers modest care,
Naked they blacken in the sultry air.
The haughty nobles and the vulgar race
Never must join the conjugal embrace;
Nor may the stripling, nor the blooming maid,
O lost to joy, by cruel rites betrayed!
To spouse of other than their father's art,
At Love's connubial shrine unite the heart:
Nor may their sons, the genius and the view
Confined and fettered, other art pursue.
Vile were the stain, and deep the foul disgrace,
Should other tribe touch one of noble race;
A thousand rites and washings o'er and o'er
Can scarce his tainted purity restore.
Poleas the laboring lower clans are named;
By the proud Nayres the noble rank is claimed:
The toils of culture and of art they scorn,
The warrior's plumes their haughty brows adorn;
The shining falchion brandished in the right,
Their left arm wields the target in the fight;
Of danger scornful, ever armed they stand
Around the king, a stern barbarian band.
Whate'er in India holds the sacred name
Of piety or lore, the Brahmins claim:

In wildest rituals, vain and painful, lost,
Brahma their founder as a God they boast.
To crown their meal no meanest life expires,
Pulse, fruit, and herbs alone their board requires.

Luis de Camoens. Tr. W. J. Mickle.

THE PALM-TREE.

IS it the palm, the cocoa-palm,
On the Indian Sea, by the isles of balm?
Or is it a ship in the breezeless calm?

A ship whose keel is of palm beneath,
Whose ribs of palm have a palm-bark sheath,
And a rudder of palm it steereth with.

Branches of palm are its spars and rails,
Fibres of palm are its woven sails,
And the rope is of palm that idly trails.

What does the good ship bear so well?
The cocoa-nut with its stony shell,
And the milky sap of its inner cell.

What are its jars, so smooth and fine,
But hollowed nuts, filled with oil and wine,
And the cabbage that ripens under the Line?

Who smokes his nargileh, cool and calm?
The master, whose cunning and skill could charm
Cargo and ship from the bounteous palm.

In the cabin he sits on a palm-mat soft,
From a beaker of palm his drink is quaffed,
And a palm-thatch shields from the sun aloft!

His dress is woven of palmy strands,
And he holds a palm-leaf scroll in his hands,
Traced with the Prophet's wise commands!

The turban folded about his head
Was daintily wrought of the palm-leaf braid,
And the fan that cools him of palm was made.

Of threads of palm was the carpet spun
Whereon he kneels when the day is done,
And the foreheads of Islam are bowed as one!

To him the palm is a gift divine,
Wherein all uses of man combine, —
House and raiment and food and wine!

And, in the hour of his great release,
His need of the palm shall only cease
With the shroud wherein he lieth in peace.

"Allah il Allah!" he sings his psalm,
On the Indian Sea, by the isles of balm;
"Thanks to Allah who gives the palm!"

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE VICTIM.

HIGH in the parching sun, where Ganges wild
Roars to the jungles, and broad billows scatters
Upon the burning shores of Hindostan,
Rose a great temple, — in no puny age
Fashioned, but built, like Babel, 'gainst the skies.
Based on a rock, and cut in granite stone,
Its pillars and Titanian capitals
Heaved their enormous bulks, till each o'erlooked
Wide India. To some God, whose name is lost,
This wilderness of stone was dedicate.
Millions of quick-eyed slaves, with dusky brows,
All wreathed in white, came here in the old time,
And on the prostrate marble bent, and swore
Allegiance to a Name! Then, amidst storms
Of blood and tears, rose Siva, at whose feet
Widows were slain; maidens, whose hearts were warm
With summer love, old age and infancy,
Shrank in her blazing altars, and left gold
Unto the temple's saints for priestly prayers.
Then prayed the priests; and then, while darkness lay
On the dull world, the bearded Brahmins did
Mysterious rites, and their nocturnal songs
Went sounding through the long stone-carved aisles
Of Elephanta to brute Jaggernaut.
And soon this superstition far outspread:
From Oude to the Deccan, — over black Bahar, —
From the Arab Seas, across to rank Bengal,

It sprang and flourished; and wherever else
Base human folly crouched to baser guile,
It reigned and made its martyrs. There is one
Far famous in its stories, from whose life,
And from whose death, and from whose after fame,
Some learn a lesson. When the droughts are great,
And their squat idols sit unmoved, the priests
Call on the saintly Muttra. To please him
They burn a virgin, and scream loose love-songs,
And curse the Rajah, Dhur-Singh, long since dead.
He, while he lived, wise prince! did good towards all:
He lived, untouched by grief, for many years,
And when he died, left children virtuous,
A happy land, which owned his rule was just,
And slumbered in the Indian's Paradise.

Bryan Waller Procter.

HINDOSTAN.

FATHER of rivers, Ganges, hail to thee!
Thou, in the joy of thine unfading day,
Goest thy wonted way,
Unwearied, to the sea;

And, ever gazing with a steadfast gaze
On the huge canopy of sunny heaven,
Singest from morn to even
Thy changeless song of praise.

So thou art happy: for thy hymn is loud
Eternally to him, the eternal King:

Doubt flaps her murky wing,
Dim Ignorance spreads her cloud

Around thee; and wild fancies, wild and vain,
Hither and thither thread the lurid air:
Darkness, Sin's mother, there
Holds her unlovely reign;

And never, since thy glorious course began,
Hath the glad light, Nature's most precious flower,
Looked from its home of power
Upon the soul of man.

How often yet, — how often will the sun
Behold the rites of death with that calm smile?
Lo, they have laid the pile;
The virgins, one by one,

Chant solemnly the hymn, — the funeral hymn!
The rich robes float; the costly gems beam bright!
The flambeau's flickering light
Makes the clear day look dim.

Where is the victim? Lo, the bride appears,
Mute, motionless, a blameless sacrifice;
Upon the pile she lies,
Weeping unheeded tears.

Woe for Nealliny, the tender reed!
Woe! she has said the irrevocable vow;
Self-slaughtered? Answer thou,
Priest of a bloody creed!

For her the dismal pathway must be trod,
The hall of Padalon, the dark, the dread,
Is yawning for its dead,
And the relentless god

Frowns with his moody eyebrows. Naught avail
With those unpitying seers her terrors meek,
Her soft-toned prayers, her cheek
So eloquently pale!

Hark to the cymbal, and the bellowing drum!
"Farewell, farewell!" she whispers. It is past;
And round her, thick and fast,
The stifling flashes come.

Away, away! they fly, those sights of death.
Now fiercer echoes scare my shuddering ear!
Hear'st thou? I hear, — I hear,
Upon the wild wind's breath,

The thunder of the chariot wheels, the shout
Of mighty multitudes, that cheer or chide,
The charger's voice of pride!
Hurriedly thronging out

From street and grove the human flood is poured;
Mothers and sons and maidens whose white hands
Wave wide the blazing brands:
And He, the mighty Lord,

The thousand-headed Serpent, sits the while,
Sceptred and crowned, upon his rolling throne,

Writhing his lips of stone
Into a fearful smile.

Beneath the creaking axle the red flood
Gushes unceasing; scattered on the stones
Lie crushed and mangled bones;
Through slaughter and through blood

The chariot of the god — the dark god — reels;
And laughter — shrill, unnatural laughter — rings
As each mad victim springs
To meet the murderous wheels.

And still the cry goes up, "Begin the song, —
Begin! Behold him on his golden seat,
The terrible! 't is meet,
Thus as he rides along,

"To worship him, the Lord, whose slaves we are!
Yea, yea, we worship, hymning now the hymn,
And dancing round the grim
And flower-encircled car!"

Winthrop Mackworth Praed.

THE SUTTEES.

O GOLDEN shores, primeval home of man,
How glorious is thy dwelling, Hindostan!
Thine are these smiling valleys bright with bloom,
Wild woods and sandal-groves, that breathe perfume,

Thine, these fair skies, — where morn's returning ray
Has swept the starry robe of night away,
And gilt each dome and minaret and tower,
Gemmed every stream and tinted every flower.
But dark the spirit within thee; — from old time
Still o'er thee rolls the wheeling flood of crime,
Still o'er thee broods the curse of guiltless blood,
That shouts for vengeance from thy reeking sod;
Deep-flowing Ganges in his rushy bed
Moans a sad requiem for his children dead,
And, wafted frequent on the passing gale,
Rises the orphan's sigh, — the widow's wail.
Hark! 't is the rolling of the funeral drum,
The white-robed Brahmins see, they come, they come,
Bringing, with frantic shouts and torch and trump,
And mingled signs of melancholy pomp,
That livid corpse, borne solemnly on high, —
And yon faint trembling victim, doomed to die.

Martin Farquhar Tupper.

THE TIGER.

TIGER! Tiger! burning bright,
In the forests of the night;
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burned the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thine heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer, what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did He, who made the Lamb, make thee?

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright,
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

William Blake.

EVENING IN INDIA.

EVENING comes on: arising from the stream,
Homeward the tall flamingo wings his flight;
And where he sails athwart the setting beam,
His scarlet plumage glows with deeper light.
The watchman, at the wished approach of night,
Gladly forsakes the field, where he all day,
To scare the wingéd plunderers from their prey,
With shout and sling, on yonder clay-built height,
Hath borne the sultry ray.
Hark! at the Golden Palaces

The Brahmin strikes the hour.
For leagues and leagues around, the brazen sound
Rolls through the stillness of departing day,
Like thunder far away.

Robert Southey.

THE BANIAN-TREE.

'TWAS a fair scene wherein they stood,
A green and sunny glade amid the wood,
And in the midst an aged Banian grew.
It was a goodly sight to see
That venerable tree,
For o'er the lawn, irregularly spread,
Fifty straight columns propt its lofty head
And many a long depending shoot,
Seeking to strike its root,
Straight like a plummet, grew towards the ground.
Some on the lower boughs which crost their way,
Fixing their bearded fibres, round and round,
With many a ring and wild contortion wound;
Some to the passing wind at times, with sway
Of gentle motion swung;
Others of younger growth, unmoved, were hung
Like stone-drops from the cavern's fretted height;
Beneath was smooth and fair to sight,
Nor weeds nor briars deformed the natural floor,
And through the leafy cope which bowered it o'er
Came gleams of checkered light.
So like a temple did it seem, that there
A pious heart's first impulse would be prayer.

Robert Southey.

JAGA-NAUT.

JOY in the city of great Jaga-Naut!
Joy in the seven-headed Idol's shrine!
A virgin-bride his ministers have brought,
A mortal maid, in form and face divine,
Peerless among all daughters of mankind;
Searched they the world again from east to west,
In endless quest,
Seeking the fairest and the best,
No maid so lovely might they hope to find;
For she hath breathed celestial air,
And heavenly food hath been her fare,
And heavenly thoughts and feelings give her face
That heavenly grace.
Joy in the city of great Jaga-Naut,
Joy in the seven-headed idol's shrine!
The fairest maid his Yoguees sought,
A fairer than the fairest have they brought,
A maid of charms surpassing human thought,
A maid divine.

Now bring ye forth the chariot of the god!
Bring him abroad,
That through the swarming city he may ride;
And by his side
Place ye the maid of more than mortal grace,
The maid of perfect form and heavenly face;
Set her aloft in triumph, like a bride
Upon the bridal car,

And spread the joyful tidings wide and far,
Spread it with trump and voice
That all may hear, and all who hear rejoice,
Great Jaga-Naut hath found his mate! the god
Will ride abroad!
To-night will he go forth from his abode!
Ye myriads who adore him,
Prepare the way before him!

Upreared on twenty wheels elate,
Huge as a ship, the bridal car appeared;
Loud creak its ponderous wheels, as through the gate
A thousand Bramins drag the enormous load.
There throned aloft in state,
The image of the seven-headed god
Came forth from his abode; and at his side
Sate Kailyal like a bride.
A bridal statue rather might she seem,
For she regarded all things like a dream,
Having no thought, nor fear, nor will, nor aught
Save hope and faith, that lived within her still.

O silent night, how have they startled thee
With the brazen trumpet's blare!
And thou, O moon! whose quiet light serene
Filleth wide heaven, and bathing hill and wood,
Spreads o'er the peaceful valley like a flood,
How have they dimmed thee with the torches' glare,
Which round yon moving pageant flame and flare,
As the wild rout, with deafening song and shout,
Fling their long flashes out,
That, like infernal lightnings, fire the air.

A thousand pilgrims strain
Arm, shoulder, breast and thigh, with might and main,
To drag that sacred wain,
And scarce can draw along the enormous load.
Prone fall the frantic votaries in its road,
And calling on the god,
Their self-devoted bodies there they lay
To pave his chariot-way.
On Jaga-Naut they call,
The ponderous car rolls on, and crushes all.
Through flesh and bones it ploughs its dreadful path.
Groans rise unheard; the dying cry,
And death and agony
Are trodden underfoot by yon mad throng,
Who follow close, and thrust the deadly wheels along.

Robert Southey.

INDIA.

She
Who follows quickly — if she woman be —
Is clad in a loose robe, whose flowing folds
Mold out the shape they cover, and discover
To the eye of lord and lover,
The strong limbs, girdled waist, the arm that holds
Her island children, and the breasts that feed:
Woman and mother, why that manly stride,
And the two swords at thy side?
Offended or defended, who must bleed?
Her face is powdered, painted, and her hair,
Drawn high above her head, with pins of gold

Is fastened: if light olive tints are fair,
Fair is her oval face, though overbold;
Good-humor lights it, frankness, and the grace
Of high-born manner, honor, pride of place:
But, looking closer, keener, we discern
Something that can be stern,
Like the dark tempests on her mountain highlands,
The wild typhoons that whirl around her thousand islands!
Most bounteous here, as in her sea-girt lands,
Where she stretches forth her hands,
Plucks cocoas and bananas in woods of oak and pine,—
Grapes on every vine,
And walks on gold and silver, and knows her power increased,
Nor fears her nobles longer — the Lady of the East!

What words of what great poet can declare
This woman's fallen greatness, her despair,
The melancholy light in her mild eyes?
She neither lives nor dies!
First-born of Earth's First Mother, she gave birth
To the infant races, and her dwelling-place
Cradled the young religions: face to face,
Her many gods and children walked the earth.
(Who could know, when Life began,
Which was god and which was man?
Her mountains are the bases of the sky,
Where the gods brooded, uncreate, eternal,
Celestial and infernal —
Indra everywhere, and Siva nigh,

Thunder voice that in the summer speaks —
Shadow of the wings that fly —
Arrow in the bended bow!
Did they wander down the mountain peaks,
Through the clouds and everlasting snow?
Or did men clamber up and fetch them down below?
Who may know
What their heads and hands portend;
What the beasts whereon they ride,
And whether these be deified;
What was in the beginning and shall be in the end?
What matter? Things like these —
Struggles to ascend the ladder of the air,
Plunges to reach unbottomed mysteries —
Have been thy ruin, India, once so fair,
So powerful, prayerful! Hands that clasp in prayer
Let go the sword and sceptre: thou hast seen
Thine roughly wrested from thee, and hast been
A prey to many spoilers, some thine own:
Timor proclaimed himself thy Emperor;
And Baber conquered, beaten thrice before;
And Nadir took thy glorious Peacock Throne;
And others, Hindoo, Moslem, self-made kings,
Carved out rich kingdoms from thy wide domains —
Had violent, bloody reigns,
And perished (the gods be thanked!) like meaner things,
If meaner, crueller in thy forests be,
Among the wolves and jackals skulking there,
And dreadful tigers roaring in their lair,
Than these foul beasts that so dismembered thee!
O mortal and divine!

The largeness of the primitive world is thine:
The everlasting handiwork remains,
In the high mountain ranges, the broad plains,
The wastes, and vast, impenetrable woods,
(Oppressive solitudes
Where no man was!) the multitudinous rivers —
The gods were generous givers,
If from the heavenly summit of Meru,
Beyond all height, they sent the Ganges down;
Or is it, Goddess, from thy mountained crown,
Far lifted in the inaccessible blue,
Its waters, rising in perpetual snow,
Come in swift torrents, swollen in their flow
By larger rivers, others swelling them,
All veins to this long stem
Of thy great leaf of verdure? Sacred River,
That from Gangotri goest to the Sea,
Past temples, cities, peoples — Holy Stream,
Whom but to hear of, wish for, see, or touch,
Bathe in, or sing old hymns to day by day,
Whom but to name a hundred leagues away,
Was to atone for all the sins committed
In three past lives (for Vishnu so permitted)
O Ganges! would the Powers could re-deliver
Thy virtues lost, or we renew the dream:
We can restore so much,
India, we cannot yet relinquish Thee!

Richard Henry Stoddard.

INDIA.

Agra.

AGRA.

Agra slept,
By the long light of sunset overswept:
The river flowing through a level land,
By mango-groves and banks of yellow sand,
Skirted with lime and olive, gay kiosks,
Fountains at play, tall minarets of mosques,
Fair pleasure-gardens with their flowering trees
Relieved against the mournful cypresses;
And, air-poised, lightly as the blown sea-foam,
The marble wonder of some holy dome
Hung a white moonrise over the still wood,
Glassing its beauty in a stiller flood.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

PALACE-TOMB OF TAJ MAHAL.

THIS lovely and beautiful tomb
Is like those in the time of Kais,
A place for lovers to slumber.

The floor is sweet with amber,
As in the seventh heaven,
Or a temple built in Paradise.
The air is hung with fragrance,
And houris fan its corridors
With shadow-drooping eyelashes.
Its walls and portals are set with jewels,
And pure is its air and sweet its water,
Which its architect lured from the Chusma-i-Faiz.
Continually from clouds of mercy
Falls the rain on its lofty dome.
Should any one enter its holy precinct,
And ask a boon of the One High God,
Allah will hear and grant the favor.
Every one here is hospitable.
One might imagine the gentle breezes
Left this place receiving nothing.
But are they not laden with the aroma
Breathed by the plant called the Flower of Generosity?
The blossoms laugh, but hide their faces.
The clouds rain, but it is the rain of compassion.
When any sinner here seeks protection,
His sins are forgiven as though he were in heaven,
The buds of the trees burst with smothered laughter,
Unannoyed by the breathings of the zephyr,
While the blushing blossoms expand and sweeten,
The modest breezes hide behind the curtain,
Knowing that here reclines a spotless beauty.
All who seek protection here will find it,
Since to Allah the place is consecrated.
Even should the wicked dare to creep hither,

The pages kept by the Recording Angel
Will be washed clean, and sparkle pure and spotless.
When the sun and moon see this mausoleum
Their eyes grow full with the tears of compassion.
In this place, crowned with heaven's azure,
The sun himself is a recipient of favors.
And as soon as he retires the moon emerges,
Glowing with anxiety to receive an equal bounty,
And adding to the constant expectancy of heaven.
Life here is pleasant, being full of loving-kindness
For the poor and alien, the pilgrim and the stranger.
Until now, was there ever an eternity?
Hath not Death himself removed his presence?
Surely not of earth could have been the builder,
Since the design was furnished him by heaven.
Firm are the foundations as the creed of the Faithful.
I know not where the colors were captured;
Possibly they came here to live forever.
When the builder made it, peace was his intention,—
Peace everlasting and a place of security.
When eternity laid its foundations,
The winter time of the year fled afar to the jungles."

Shah Jehan. Tr. Anon.

THE TAJ MAHAL.

WITH minarets of marble rising stately from a sea
Of the dark-leaved mango's foliage streaked by the jaman tree,
Up to the empyrean where the crescent glitters bright,

Calm and unchanged still shining through the fall of
Moslem might,
One majesty of whiteness the Taj of Agra stands,
Like no work of human builder, but a care of angel
hands.
Look down the entrance vista through the lofty sand-
stone door;
How near it seems, though distant five hundred yards
or more.
So down the shadowy vista of twice one hundred years
The past becomes the present, and the distant near
appears,
And in a vision rises before the raptured eye
The splendor of the monarch who ruled in days gone by,
When 'neath the shade of snow-white domes, with
pinnacles of gold,
In royal state, surrounded by pomp and wealth untold,
He sat dispensing justice, or discussed affairs of weight,
With councillors and princes of many a subject state;
Or when summoned to the conflict with a vast array
he spurred,
To wreak upon Golconda the vengeance long deferred.

But see! — the sinking sun the fort in strong relief
has brought,
Whose lengthening shadow forward creeps, as though
it fondly thought
To reach the Taj and converse hold of glories passed
away,
To hear the deeds of Shah Jahan and tell of Akbar's
sway.

But the cruel sun in sinking turns the shadow from
its goal,
And between, a bar forever, the Jumna's waters roll;
And as the light grows fainter, and clouds lose their
golden rim,
The vision also changes, and its glory waxes dim.
The mighty realm is torn by strife, the notes of war
resound;
Disgraced, deposed by filial hands, the monarch stands
uncrowned!
His servants fled, for none were found of all the craven
band
For the beleaguered sovereign in peril firm to stand!
"Ere death call no man happy, lest the future evil
bring,"
Such the moral history teaches to the peasant and
the king.
But though the sovereign's sunset days were clouded
o'er by ill,
A token of his glory, — the Taj stands firmly still.
Majestic shrine of other days, to thee the power belongs
To resist the flight of ages and to awe the stranger-
throng;
Long as the sacred Jumna o'er its bed of sand shall
flow,
Thy glorious dome to heaven shall raise its massive
breast of snow,
For the spirit of the monarch and the builder's art
combine
To guard from lightning's levin-bolt, and time's decay,
the shrine.

Anonymous.

JAHARA BAUG.

AGRA was Shah Jehan's city residence. It was from its walls that he witnessed the overthrow of Prince Dara, his eldest son. The Jahara Baug is one of the gardens adjoining the river.

IT was the lovely twilight-time went down o'er Agra's towers,
And silent were her marble halls, and tranquil were her bowers;
The crimson colors of the rose were melting on the air,
And from the ivory minarets arose the evening prayer.

The snowy herons to the roofs were flocking for the night,
The columns and the cupolas were bathed in purple light;
And the large lilies on the stream grew fairer in their hue,
As they flung up each silver cup to catch the falling dew.

Filled with the sweet good-night of flowers that sigh themselves to sleep,
Along the quiet river's side, the shadowy gardens sweep;
While fair and pale, like some young girl who pines with early love,
The young moon seems as if she feared to take her place above.

Is there no feasting in those halls? why is that palace mute?
The silvery cadences unheard of the young dancer's foot:

How changed since that glad marriage eve when with
the dance and song
Prince Dara led his cousin-bride those lighted halls
along.

How changed since that imperial day, when at his
father's hand,
The eldest-born sat down to share that father's high
command;
And the proud nobles of the court drew forth the glitter-
ing sword,
In token all were at his will, and waited but his word.

An old man sits upon the walls that guard the eastern
side;
'T is not to hear the wild wind wake the music of the
tide:
The rising of the evening star, the perfume from the
bough,
The last sweet singing of the doves, — all pass un-
heeded now.

The aged king sits on his tower, and strains his eyes
afar,
And asks of every passer-by for tidings of the war;
They come, — he sees the scattered flight of Dara's
broken bands;
At last a fugitive himself, his son before him stands.

The monarch hid his face and wept, he heard his first-
born say,
"The crown you placed upon my brow this hour has
passed away;

My brother is my enemy, — a traitor is my friend,
And I must seek these ancient walls, to shelter and defend."

"Not so," the old king said, "my son; fly thou with spear and shield,
For never walls could stand for those who stood not in the field."
He wept before his father's face — then fled across the plain;
The desolate and the fugitive, — they never met again.

Time has passed on, and Dara's doom is darkly drawing nigh;
The vanquished prince has only left to yield, despair, and die;
The faithful friend, the conquering foe have been around his path,
And now a wild and desert home is all Prince Dara hath.

The sands are bare, the wells are dry, and not a single tree
Extends its shade o'er him who had a royal canopy;
There is not even safety found amid those burning sands;
The exile has a home to seek in far and foreign lands.

He lingers yet upon his way, — within his tents is death;
He cannot fly till he has caught Nadira's latest breath.

How can he bear to part with her, — she who, since
first his bride,
In woe and want his comforter, has never left his side!

He kissed the pale, unconscious cheek, — he flung him
at her feet;
He gazed how fondly on those eyes he nevermore might
meet;
"'T is well," he cried, "my latest friend is from my
bosom flown;
Go bear her to her father's tomb, while I go forth alone."

The traitor is upon his way, the royal prey is found,
And by ignoble hands and chains the monarch's son
is bound;
Garbed as a slave, they lead him forth the public ways
along,
But on his noble brow is scorn, and on his lip a song.

'T is midnight; but the midnight crime is darker than
the night,
And Aurungzebe with gloomy brow awaits the morn-
ing light;
The morning light is dyed for him with an accusing red,
They bring to the usurper's feet his brother Dara's head!

Letitia Elizabeth Landon.

Bengal.

IF THOU WERT BY MY SIDE.

IF thou wert by my side, my love,
How fast would evening fail
In green Bengala's palmy grove,
Listening the nightingale!

If thou, my love, wert by my side,
My babies at my knee,
How gayly would our pinnace glide
O'er Gunga's mimic sea!

I miss thee at the dawning gray,
When, on our deck reclined,
In careless ease my limbs I lay,
And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream
My twilight steps I guide,
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,
The lingering noon to cheer,
But miss thy kind, approving eye,
Thy meek, attentive ear.

But when of morn or eve the star
Beholds me on my knee,

I feel, though thou art distant far,
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on! then on! where duty leads,
My course be onward still;
O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
O'er bleak Almorah's hill.

That course nor Delhi's kingly gates
Nor wild Malwah detain;
For sweet the bliss us both awaits
By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say,
Across the dark-blue sea;
But ne'er were hearts so light and gay
As then shall meet in thee!

Reginald Heber.

Burmah.

THE BURMANS AND THEIR MISSIONARY.

THERE is a cry in Burmah, and a rush
Of thousand footsteps from the distant bound
Of watery Siam and the rich Cathay.
From the far northern frontier, pilgrims meet
The central dwellers in the forest-shades,
And on they press together. Eager hope
Sits in their eye, and on their lips the warmth

Of strong request. Is it for bread they seek,
Like the dense multitude which fainting hung
Upon the Saviour's words, till the third day
Closed in and left them hungering?
Not for food
Or raiment ask they. Simply girding on
The scanty garment o'er the weary limb,
They pass unmarked the lofty domes of wealth
Inquiring for a stranger. There he stands;
The mark of foreign climes is on his brow;
He hath no power, no costly gifts to deal
Among the people, and his lore perchance
The earth-bowed worldling with his scales of gold
Accounteth folly. Yet to him is raised
Each straining eyeball, "Tell us of the Christ!"
And like the far-off murmur of the sea
Lashed by the tempest, swelled their blended tone,
"Sir, we would hear of Christ. Give us a scroll
Bearing his name."
And there that teacher stood,
Far from his native land, — amid the graves
Of his lost infants, and of her he loved
More than his life, — yes, there he stood alone,
And with a simple, saint-like eloquence
Spake his Redeemer's word. Forgot was all, —
Home, boyhood, Christian-fellowship, — the tone
Of his sweet babes, — his partner's dying strife, —
Chains, perils, Burman dungeons, — all forgot,
Save the deep danger of the heathen's soul,
And God's salvation. And methought that earth
In all she vaunts of majesty, or tricks

With silk and purple, or the baubled pride
Of throne and sceptre, or the blood-red pomp,
Of the stern hero, had not aught to boast
So truly great, so touching, so sublime,
As that lone Missionary, shaking off
All links and films and trappings of the world,
And in his chastened nakedness of soul
Rising to bear the embassy of Heaven.

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

Carlee (Carli).

THE CAVERNS OF CARLI.

SEE! where those caverns yawn on Carli's steep;
Do spirits call, awaked from ages' sleep,
That yon lone Hindoo creeps with stealthy tread,
Hies down the hill, nor dares to turn his head?
So old these grots, so silent, and so drear,
E'en Brahmins view them with a solemn fear.
Wild rocks above, a lengthening vale below,
Through which at night the breezes wail like woe;
Huge sculptures, forms of gods e'en strangers grown,
Along the walls a writing now unknown;
The lions on their pillar, calm and still,
Watching for sumless ages on that hill, —
These throw o'er Carli's shrines an awe and gloom,
Which less befit the temple than the tomb.

Nicholas Michell.

Cashmere.

THE VALE OF KASHMEER.

HAIL to the city from whose bowers —
The glowing paradise of flowers! —
Soft zephyrs waft the rose's breath,
By moonlit night and blushing morn,
Even to the ruby, hid beneath
The golden hills of Badakhshân!
Whose gale with perfume-laden wing,
O'er Arab deserts hovering,
A tint as radiant can bestow
As beams that in the emerald glow.

Upon thy mountains fresh and green
The velvet turf is scarcely seen,
So close the jasmines twine around,
And strew, with star-like flowers, the ground.
The ruddy glow of sunset lies
Within thy rich pomegranate's eyes;
And flashing midst the tulip-beds,
A blaze of glory round them sheds.

Night dwells amidst thy spicy groves:
Thy saffron fields the star of morning loves;
Thy violets have tales of eyes as fair;
Thy hyacinths of waving, dusky hair;
Thy glittering sunflowers make the year all spring;
Thy bees their stores are ever gathering;

And from the rose's branches, all day long,
Pours the melodious nightingale her song;
Amidst the leaves her bark-like nest is tost,
In melody, and love, and beauty lost.

The rich narcissus, quaffing dewy wine,
Clings to thy breast, where buds unnumbered twine:
No eye can see the bound where end thy bowers,
No tongue can number half thy gem-like flowers.

Such freshness lingers in thy air of balm,
That even the tulip's burning heart confesses
The life its sigh bestows at evening's calm,
When the glad cypress shakes her graceful tresses.

The waves of each rejoicing river
Murmur melody forever,
And to the sound, in wild amaze,
On their glad crests the dancing bubble plays.
While lotus flowers, just opened, there
Look with bright eyes towards heaven in prayer.

So clear thy waters that, reflected bright,
The dusky Ethiop's skin is pearly white.
So cool, that as the sun his fingers laves,
They shiver on the surface of thy waves.
The immortal lily, pure as angels' plumes,
All day, all night, the grove with light illumes;
The grove, where garlands, by the roses made,
Like clustering Pleiads, glimmer through the shade,
And hide amidst their leaves the timid dove,
Whose ringéd neck proclaims the slave of love.

Tell me what land can boast such treasures?
Is aught so fair, is aught so dear?
Hail! Paradise of endless pleasures!
Hail! beautiful, beloved Kashmeer!

Togray. Tr. L. S. Costello.

THE VALE OF CASHMERE.

WHO has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere,
With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,
Its temples, and grottos, and fountains as clear
As the love-lighted eyes that hung over their wave?

Oh, to see it at sunset, — when warm o'er the lake
Its splendor at parting a summer eve throws,
Like a bride, full of blushes, when lingering to take
A last look of her mirror at night ere she goes!
When the shrines through the foliage are gleaming half shown,
And each hallows the hour by some rites of its own.
Here the music of prayer from a minaret swells,
Here the magian his urn, full of perfume, is swinging,
And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet bells
Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is ringing.
Or to see it by moonlight, — when mellowly shines
The light o'er its palaces, gardens, and shrines;
When the waterfalls gleam, like a quick fall of stars,
And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle of Chenars
Is broken by laughs and light echoes of feet
From the cool, shining walks where the young people meet.

Or at morn, when the magic of daylight awakes
A new wonder each minute, as slowly it breaks.
Hills, cupolas, fountains, called forth every one
Out of darkness, as if but just born of the Sun.
When the Spirit of Fragrance is up with the day,
From his harem of night-flowers stealing away;
And the wind, full of wantonness, wooes like a lover
The young aspen-trees, till they tremble all over.
When the east is as warm as the light of first hopes,
And Day, with his banner of radiance unfurled,
Shines in through the mountainous portal that opes,
Sublime, from that valley of bliss to the world!

Thomas Moore.

THE FOUNTAIN OF CHINDARA.

FROM Chindara's warbling fount I come,
Called by that moonlight garland's spell;
From Chindara's fount, my fairy home,
Where in music, morn and night, I dwell.
Where lutes in the air are heard about,
And voices are singing the whole day long,
And every sigh the heart breathes out
Is turned, as it leaves the lips, to song!
Hither I come
From my fairy home,
And if there 's a magic in music's strain,
I swear by the breath
Of that moonlight wreath,
Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

Thomas Moore.

Ceylon, the Island.

THE CYPRESS-TREE OF CEYLON.

THEY sat in silent watchfulness
The sacred cypress-tree about,
And, from beneath old wrinkled brows,
Their failing eyes looked out.

Gray Age and Sickness waiting there
Through weary night and lingering day,
Grim as the idols at their side,
And motionless as they.

Unheeded in the boughs above
The song of Ceylon's birds was sweet;
Unseen of them the island flowers
Bloomed brightly at their feet.

O'er them the tropic night-storm swept,
The thunder crashed on rock and hill;
The cloud-fire on their eyeballs blazed,
Yet there they waited still!

What was the world without to them?
The Moslem's sunset-call, — the dance
Of Ceylon's maids, — the passing gleam
Of battle-flag and lance?

They waited for that falling leaf
  Of which the wandering Jogees sing:
Which lends once more to wintry age
  The greenness of its spring.

Oh, if these poor and blinded ones
  In trustful patience wait to feel
O'er torpid pulse and failing limb
  A youthful freshness steal;

Shall we, who sit beneath that Tree
  Whose healing leaves of life are shed,
In answer to the breath of prayer,
  Upon the waiting head;

Not to restore our failing forms,
  And build the spirit's broken shrine,
But on the fainting soul to shed
  A light and life divine;

Shall we grow weary in our watch,
  And murmur at the long delay?
Impatient of our Father's time
  And his appointed way?

Or shall the stir of outward things
  Allure and claim the Christian's eye,
When on the heathen watcher's ear
  Their powerless murmurs die?

Alas! a deeper test of faith
  Than prison cell or martyr's stake,

The self-abasing watchfulness
Of silent prayer may make.

We gird us bravely to rebuke
Our erring brother in the wrong, —
And in the ear of Pride and Power
Our warning voice is strong.

Easier to smite with Peter's sword
Than "watch one hour" in humbling prayer.
Life's "great things," like the Syrian lord,
Our hearts can do and dare.

But oh! we shrink from Jordan's side,
From waters which alone can save;
And murmur for Abana's banks
And Pharpar's brighter wave.

O Thou, who in the garden's shade
Didst wake thy weary ones again,
Who slumbered at that fearful hour
Forgetful of thy pain;

Bend o'er us now, as over them,
And set our sleep-bound spirits free,
Nor leave us slumbering in the watch
Our souls should keep with thee!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Coromandel.

MAHA-BALYPOORAM THE SUNKEN CITY.

"And the natives of the place declared to the writer of this account, that the more aged people among them remembered to have seen the tops of several pagodas far out in the sea, which, being covered with copper (probably gilt), were particularly visible at sun-rise, as their shining surface used then to reflect the sun's rays, but that now that effect was no longer produced, as the copper had since become incrusted with mould and verdigris." — Chambers' *Asiatic Researches.*

To the sepulchres
Of the ancient kings, which Baly in his power
Made in primeval times; and built above them
A city, like the cities of the gods,
Being like a god himself. For many an age
Hath Ocean warred against his palaces,
Till, overwhelmed, they lie beneath the waves,
Not overthrown, so well the awful chief
Had laid their deep foundations. Rightly said
The accursed, that no way for man was there,
But not like man am I!

* * *

Such was the talk they held upon their way
Of him to whose old city they were bound;
And now, upon their journey, many a day
Had risen and closed, and many a week gone round,
And many a realm and region had they passed,
When now the ancient towers appeared at last.
Their golden summits in the noonday light
Shone o'er the dark green deep that rolled between.

For domes and pinnacles and spires were seen
Peering above the sea, a mournful sight!
Well might the sad beholder ween from thence
What works of wonder the devouring wave
Had swallowed there, when monuments so brave
Bore record of their old magnificence.
And on the sandy shore, beside the verge
Of Ocean, here and there, a rock-hewn fane
Resisted in its strength the surf and surge
That on their deep foundations beat in vain.
In solitude the ancient temples stood,
Once resonant with instrument and song,
And solemn dance of festive multitude;
Now as the weary ages pass along,
Hearing no voice save of the ocean flood,
Which roars forever on the restless shores;
Or visiting their solitary caves,
The lonely sound of winds, that moan around
Accordant to the melancholy waves.

Robert Southey.

THE ANCIENT SEPULCHRES.

WHEN the broad ocean on Ladurlad's head
Had closed and arched him o'er,
With steady tread he held his way
Adown the sloping shore.
The dark green waves with emerald hue
Imbue the beams of day,
And on the wrinkled sand below,
Rolling their mazy network to and fro,

Light shadows shift and play.
The hungry shark, at scent of prey,
Toward Ladurlad darted;
Beholding then that human form erect,
How like a god the depths he trod,
Appalled the monster started,
And in his fear departed.
Onward Ladurlad went with heart elate,
And now hath reached the ancient city's gate.

Wondering he stood awhile to gaze
Upon the works of elder days.
The brazen portals open stood,
Even as the fearful multitude
Had left them, when they fled
Before the rising flood.
High overhead, sublime,
The mighty gateway's storied roof was spread,
Dwarfing the puny piles of younger time.
With the deeds of days of yore
That ample roof was sculptured o'er,
And many a godlike form there met his eye,
And many an emblem dark of mystery.
Through these wide portals oft had Baly rode
Triumphant from his proud abode,
When in his greatness he bestrode
The Aullay, hugest of four-footed kind,
The Aullay-Horse, that in his force,
With elephantine trunk, could bind
And lift the elephant, and on the wind
Whirl him away, with sway and swing,
Even like a pebble from the practised sling.

Those streets which never, since the days of yore,
By human footstep had been visited,
Those streets which nevermore
A human foot shall tread,
Ladurlad trod. In sunlight and sea-green,
The thousand palaces were seen
Of that proud city, whose superb abodes
Seemed reared by giants for the immortal gods.
How silent and how beautiful they stand,
Like things of Nature! the eternal rocks
Themselves not firmer. Neither hath the sand
Drifted within their gates and choked their doors,
Nor slime defiled their pavements and their floors.
Did then the Ocean wage
His war for love and envy, not in rage,
O thou fair city, that he spared thee thus?
Art thou Varounin's capital and court,
Where all the sea-gods for delight resort,
A place too godlike to be held by us,
The poor degenerate children of the earth?
So thought Ladurlad, as he looked around,
Weening to hear the sound
Of mermaid's shell, and song
Of choral throng from some imperial hall,
Wherein the immortal powers at festival
Their high carousals keep;
But all is silence dread,
Silence profound and dead,
The everlasting stillness of the deep.

Robert Southey.

COROMANDEL.

I.

HERE be it mine, when India's flame-breathed day
Hath parched the bones, and fevered all the blood,
To push forth in my shallop on the flood,
Supine on deck, while the sea-breezes play
Cool on the brow, what time the sun's last ray
Shoots up long lines of green and gold that stud
The western sky, all crimson else as blood.
Then, as the gorgeous vision fades away,
Mid the sole sounds, the paddle's tuneful plash,
And the far surf-roll of the waves that dash
Lazily on the Coromandel shore,
To watch the white moon don her silver dress,
While, one by one, the shy stars evermore
Come sparkling forth, like fireflies numberless.

II.

HERE on this isle, where none beside me dwells,
Let me, the while my lonely leisure flies,
Fathom all past and present histories;
Reading the World's tale from the sea-worn shells,
Time's medals, on whose face he marks and tells
Creation-dates through countless centuries:
And be it mine, with calm, clear, piercing eyes,
Here, where no bias turns, no passion swells,

Or head or heart, the present acts of man
To view; as from some promontoried steep
The peerer through the glassy-surfaced wave,
Which on a summer noon no breezes fan,
A thousand fathom downward in their grave,
Surveys the buried cities of the deep.

John Bruce Norton.

Coorg.

HARVEST SONG.

"THE word Coorg is a corruption of the native name Kodagu, and belongs to the country lying on the summit of a plateau on the western Ghauts. Kodagu, from Kodi, means a hill, and the name as a proper noun is therefore The Hilly Country. This is by no means inapplicable, for the whole land is a series of ridges rising from the body of the Ghauts. Between the lines of hills are charming valleys, watered perfectly by the clouds from the Indian Ocean which impinge upon the Ghauts. Perennial verdure clothes every hollow, and giant forest-trees cover the hill-slopes. Every dale is constantly receiving fresh stores of the fertilizing soil washed down from the hillsides by the monsoon rains."—GOVER, *Folk-Songs of Southern India.*

SUN and moon the seasons make,
Rule o'er all the sky they take.
God is Lord of heaven and earth.
All the joyous earnest toil
Happy ryots give the soil,
Our rich land is fully worth.

Famous Jambudwipa's bounds
Circle many fertile grounds;
Which among them is the best?

Far above the highest hill,
Mahameru's snows are still
Showing where the saints are blest.

Midst the beauteous forest-trees
Brightest to the eye that sees
Is the brilliant Sampigè.
Sweeter than the sweetest rose,
Purer than the mountain snows,
Better than mere words may say; —

Thus is Coorg the noblest land,
Rich and bright as golden band
On the neck where youth doth stay.
In this happy lovely realm
No misfortunes overwhelm.
Live and prosper while you may!

Now my friends with one accord,
Joyous on the verdant sward,
Sing we our dear country's praise.
Tell us then, from first to last,
All the wondrous glories past,
Trolling out a hundred lays.

Like a robe of precious silk,
Green or golden, white as milk, —
Like the image in a glass, —
Bright as shines the sun at noon,
Or at night the silver moon, —
Sweet as fields with flowers and grass, —

Thus in happiness and peace,
Riches knowing no decrease,
  Apparandra lived at ease.
In this glorious land he dwelt,
Forest-girt as with a belt,
  Coorg the blesséd, green with trees.

Soon he said within his heart,—
"Now 's the time to do our part,
  For the tilling of the field.
Sow we must, and speed the plough,
Dig and plant, spare no toil now,
  Harvest then the ground will yield."

Thus he said, to Mysore went,
To her fairs his steps he bent,
  Where the country met the town.
Thirty-six great bulls he bought
Of the best and largest sort;
  White and black, and some red-brown.

Nandi, Mudda were one pair,
Bullocks both of beauty rare.
  Yoked together were two more;
Choma, Kicha were they called.
With them was their leader stalled,
  Kale, best among two score.

Then did Apparandra say,—
"All my bulls will useless stay
  If I give not tools and plough.

Know ye why they worked so well?
No? then listen as I tell
How he made those we have now.

Choosing sago for the pole,
At the end he made a hole;
Pushed the palm-wood handle through.
Sampigè was for the share,
On its edge he placed with care
Iron plates to make the shoe.

Sharp as tiger's claws the nail
Fixing to the share its mail.
Yoke and pins he made of teak.
Strongly tied the whole with cane
Strong and lithe as any chain;
Other strings would be too weak.

When, in June, the early rain
Poured upon the earth and main,
Sweet as honey from the bee,
All the fields became as mud,
Fit for plough and hoe and spud,
Far as e'er the eye could see.

Then before the break of day,
Ere the cock began his say,
Or the sun had gilt the sky,
In the morning still and calm,
Twelve stout slaves who tilled the farm,
Roused the bullocks tethered nigh.

Six-and-thirty bulls they drove
Through the verdant fragrant grove,
To the watered paddy field,
Brilliant 'neath the silver moon
As a mirror in the gloom,
Or at noon a brazen shield.

Turning then towards the east
Apparandra gave a feast,
Milk and rice, unto the gods.
Then unto the rising sun
Glowing like a fire begun,
Lifts his hands, his head he nods.

After that they yoke the bulls.
Each than other harder pulls,
And the ground they quickly plough.
Day by day the work goes on,
For the seed seven times is done,
Then the harrow smooths the slough.

Six times more they plough the field
Before the planting drill they wield.
This requires full thirty days.
Then a dozen blooming maids
Crowned with heavy, glossy braids,
Leave the house like happy fays.

Each one brings into the fields
An offering to the god that shields
House and home from drought and pain.
Each one lifts her tiny hands,

Before the sun a moment stands,
Offers thanks for heat and rain.

Then they pluck the tender plant,
Tie in bundles laid aslant;
Twenty bundles make a sheaf.
Next the sheaves are carried thence
To their future residence,
Where they spend their life so brief.

But they only plough a part
Of the field to which they cart
Plants so tender and so young.
Just enough is done each day
For the plants they have to lay
There the new-made soil among.

In the following month they weed,
Mend the bunds as they have need,
Place new plants where others died.
Two months after this they wait
Till with corn the ears are freight
Near the western ocean tide.

There the Huttri feast they make
For the bounteous harvest's sake.
Spreading ever towards the east
By the Paditora Ghaut,
Gilding all the land about,
Coorg receives the Huttri feast.

To the Padinalknad shrine
Gather all the Coorgi line,

Offering praise and honor due.
There they learn the proper day
From the priest who serves alway
Iguttappa Devaru.

When at last the time has come,
And the year's great work is done
In our happy glorious land;
When the shades are growing long,
All the eager people throng
To the pleasant village Mand.

First they praise the God they love,
Thronéd high the world above.
Then the Huttri games commence,
And the evening glides away.
Singing, dancing, wrestling, they
Strive for highest excellence.

When the seventh bright day begins,
Each man for his household wins
Leaves of various sacred plants.
Five of these he ties with silk,
Then provides a pot of milk,
Ready for the festive wants.

When the evening shades draw nigh,
Each the others would outvie
In a rich and splendid dress.
Thus they march with song and shout,
Music swimming all about,
For the harvest's fruitfulness.

First they pray that God's rich grace
Still should rest upon their race.
Waiting till the gun has roared
Milk they sprinkle, shouting gay,
Polé! Polé! Devaré!
Multiply thy mercies, Lord!

Soon the tallest stems are shorn
Of the rich and golden corn,
Carried home with shouts and glee.
There they bind with fragrant leaves,
Hang them up beneath the eaves,
On the northwest pillar's tree.

Then at home they drink and sing,
Each one happy as a king,
Keeping every ancient way.
On the morrow young and old,
Dressed in robes of silk and gold,
Crowd the green for further play.

Here they dance upon the sward,
Sing the songs of ancient bard,
Fight with sticks in combat fierce.
All display their strength and skill
Wrestling, leaping, as they will;
Till with night the crowds disperse.

Last of all they meet again,
Larger meed of praise to gain,
At the district meeting-place.
There before the nad they strive,

All the former joys revive,
Adding glories to the race?

Now, my friends, my story 's done.
If you 're pleased my end is won,
And your praise you 'll freely give.
If I 've failed, spare not to scold.
Though I 'm wrong or overbold,
Let the joyous Huttri live.

From the Coorgi. Tr. C. E. Gover.

Delhi.

THE FUNERAL OF ARVALAN.

Midnight, and yet no eye
Through all the Imperial City closed in sleep!
Behold her streets ablaze
With light that seems to kindle the red sky,
Her myriads swarming through the crowded ways!
Master and slave, old age and infancy,
All, all abroad to gaze;
House-top and balcony
Clustered with women, who throw back their veils
With unimpeded and insatiate sight
To view the funeral pomp which passes by,
As if the mournful rite
Were but to them a scene of joyance and delight.

Vainly, ye blessed twinklers of the night,
Your feeble beams ye shed,
Quenched in the unnatural light which might outstare

Even the broad eye of day;
And thou from thy celestial way
Pourest, O moon, an ineffectual ray!
For lo! ten thousand torches flame and flare
Upon the midnight air,
Blotting the lights of heaven
With one portentous glare.
Behold the fragrant smoke in many a fold
Ascending, floats along the fiery sky,
And hangeth visible on high,
A dark and waving canopy.

Hark! 't is the funeral trumpet's breath!
'T is the dirge of death!
At once ten thousand drums begin,
With one long thunder-peal the ear assailing;
Ten thousand voices then join in,
And with one deep and general din
Pour their wild wailing.
The song of praise is drowned
Amid the deafening sound;
You hear no more the trumpet's tone,
You hear no more the mourner's moan,
Though the trumpet's breath and the dirge of death
Swell with commingled force the funeral yell.
But rising over all in one acclaim
Is heard the echoed and re-echoed name,
From all that countless rout;
Arvalan! Arvalan!
Arvalan! Arvalan!
Ten times ten thousand voices in one shout

Call Arvalan! The overpowering sound
From house to house repeated rings about,
From tower to tower rolls round.

The death-procession moves along;
Their bald heads shining to the torches' ray,
The Brahmins lead the way,
Chanting the funeral song.
And now at once they shout,
Arvalan! Arvalan!
With quick rebound of sound,
All in accordant cry,
Arvalan! Arvalan!
The universal multitude reply.
In vain ye thunder on his ear the name;
Would ye awake the dead?
Borne upright in his palankeen,
There Arvalan is seen!
A glow is on his face, — a lively red;
It is the crimson canopy
Which o'er his cheek a reddening shade hath shed;
He moves, — he nods his head, —
But the motion comes from the bearers' tread,
As the body, borne aloft in state,
Sways with the impulse of its own dead weight.

Close following his dead son, Kehama came,
Nor joining in the ritual song,
Nor calling the dear name;
With head deprest and funeral vest,
And arms enfolded on his breast,

Silent, and lost in thought he moves along.
King of the world, his slaves unenvying now
Behold their wretched Lord; rejoiced they see
The mighty Rajah's misery;
That Nature in his pride hath dealt the blow,
And taught the Master of Mankind to know
Even he himself is man, and not exempt from woe.

O sight of grief! the wives of Arvalan,
Young Azla, young Nealliny, are seen!
Their widow-robes of white,
With gold and jewels bright,
Each like an Eastern queen.
Woe! woe! around their palankeen,
As on a bridal day,
With symphony and dance and song,
Their kindred and their friends come on.
The dance of sacrifice! the funeral song!
And next the victim slaves in long array
Richly bedight to grace the fatal day,
Move onward to their death;
The clarions' stirring breath
Lifts their thin robes in every flowing fold,
And swells the woven gold,
That on the agitated air
Flutters and glitters to the torch's glare.

A man and maid of aspect wan and wild,
Then, side by side, by bowmen guarded, came;
O wretched father! O unhappy child!
Them were all eyes of all the throng exploring, —

Is this the daring man
Who raised his fatal hand at Arvalan?
Is this the wretch condemned to feel
Kehama's dreadful wrath?
Then were all hearts of all the throng deploring;
For not in that innumerable throng
Was one who loved the dead; for who could know
What aggravated wrong
Provoked the desperate blow!

Far, far behind, beyond all reach of sight,
In ordered files the torches flow along,
One ever-lengthening line of gliding light;
Far — far behind,
Rolls on the undistinguishable clamor,
Of horn and trump and tambour;
Incessant as the roar
Of streams which down the wintry mountain pour,
And louder than the dread commotion
Of breakers on a rocky shore,
When the winds rage over the waves,
And ocean to the tempest raves.

And now toward the bank they go,
Where winding on their way below,
Deep and strong the waters flow.
Here doth the funeral pile appear,
With myrrh and ambergris bestrewed,
And built of precious sandalwood.
They cease their music and their outcry here,
Gently they rest the bier;
They wet the face of Arvalan,

No sign of life the sprinkled drops excite;
They feel his breast, — no motion there;
They feel his lips, — no breath;
For not with feeble nor with erring hand
The brave avenger dealt the blow of death.
Then with a doubling peal and deeper blast
The tambours and the trumpets sound on high,
And with a last and loudest cry
They call on Arvalan.

Robert Southey.

Dwarka.

THE SACRED SHRINES OF DWARKA.

SUCH was the faith of old, — obscure and vast,
And offering human triumphs unto heaven.
Then rose the stately temple, rich with spoils
Won from the vanquished nations. There the god
Stood visible in golden pageantry;
And pride, pomp, power, were holy attributes.
A humbler creed has wandered o'er the earth,
Known, as a quiet, scarce-seen stream is known,
But by the greener growth upon its banks.
It is our Christian worship which doth lead
The heart of man to Heaven by love alone.
Plant ye the cross then by these ancient shrines;
Far let it spread its genial influence, —
Peace for its shadow, hope for its sunshine!

Letitia Elizabeth Landon.

Elephanta, the Island.

ELEPHANTA.

BUT near Salsette a fairer island blooms,
Where vassal winds do naught but waft perfumes;
Where painted shells adorn the sea-worn cave,
And stately palms are mirrored in the wave.
So lone the hills, so green the tufted trees,
Such health and freshness in the musky breeze,
So cool each glade, each grot within the isle,
Ocean and sky all withering heat the while,
It well might seem the small and bright domain
Of Eastern fay, or nymph-queen of the main.
Land at the cove, and climb the bowery steep,
Where rocks are clothed with moss, and rivulets weep;
Then midway rest, to gaze around, below,
And watch old ocean's everlasting flow.

Nicholas Michell.

THE CAVE OF ELEPHANTA.

WHAT know ye of them? Nothing, — there they stand
Gloomy as night, inscrutable as fate,
Altars no more divine, and shrines which know
Nor priests, nor votaries, nor sacrifice;
The stranger's wonder all their worship now.
And yet coeval as the naked rock
Seem they with mother earth, — immutable;

Time, tempest, warfare, ordinary decay
Is not for these. The memory of man
Has lost their rise, although they are his work.
Two senses here are present, — one of power,
And one of nothingness; doth it not mock
The mighty mind to see the meaner part,
The task it taught its hands, outlast itself?
The temple was a type, a thing of stone
Built by laborious days which made up years;
The creed which hallowed it was of the soul;
And yet the creed hath passed, — the temple stands.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon.

THE CAVE OF ELEPHANTA.

AT length, O longing soul, thy foot hath trod
On holy ground; and at the portals dim
Of Elephanta's sacred cave, I bow
In silent worship of its mysteries
Unfathomable!
Before thy shrine supreme,
O Bhagavat! I stand in wondering maze
Of meditation lost; and o'er the past —
Expanse immeasurable of years unknown —
I gaze in undefined perplexity!
Brahma, within his lotus-cup, in doubt
And grief involved, knew scarcely less of Thee
Than I! And in the voice mysterious,
That over the weird waste of waters came,
Unto his anxious ear, learned scarcely more

Of whence or where or how he gained his birth,
Than murmurs now among these echo-tones.

Anon, beside the brimming brink I kneel
Of Vishnu's sacred spring; and, fearful, taste,
With trembling lips, of the amreeta's juice,
Immortal flood! The magic-mingled draught
Thrills through my shuddering veins, and seems to chill,
My very blood!
But who unmoved can gaze
Upon thy hideous and colossal shape,
O Siva! fell Destroyer! Prince of Death!
What terror-stricken tens of thousands, here,
Before thy gory feet have knelt, and thus,
With tortures terrible, sweltering in their blood,
Have died, with dismal groans, that groaned again
In endless echoes through this dreadful cave,
So vast, so monstrous, so incalculable!
Beyond the understanding of my soul
Are these stupendous mysteries! I stand
And gaze around, above, beneath; yet still
No key I find to the enigma!
Where
Are those whose superstitious skill hewed out
These lofty pillars from the solid rock?
Whose hands, with curious cunning, patient wrought
These sculptured capitals, gigantic, beautiful?
Where, too, are those whose sacrilegious zeal
Defaced and mutilated their magnificence?
The multiplying echoes answer, "Where?"
Destroyer, and destroyed, buried beneath
The silent, ever deepening dust of ages lost!

Elias D. Knight.

Ellora.

ELLORA.

ELLORA'S wonders half unearthly seem,
Born as of fancy, dazzling as a dream.
Shaped from the living stone, vast halls appear,
Their massive grandeur sculptured columns rear;
Ranged round the shrine, unnumbered gods are seen,
From Lashmi fair to Siva's blood-stained queen;
From wisdom's Lord, proud Ganesa, to him
The child of love, the god of mirth and whim.
Who carved this grand cathedral? ask yon sage
That haunts these ruins, bowed like them with age;
A king, he says, in earth's pure, happy prime,
Ere China was, or Hebrews reckon time;
And then he kneels, o'er brighter days to grieve,
And simple hearts the fabling tale believe.

Nicholas Michell.

Ganges, the River.

HYMN TO THE GANGES.

HOW sweetly Ganga smiles, and glides
Luxuriant o'er her broad autumnal bed!
Her waves perpetual verdure spread,
Whilst health and plenty deck her golden sides:

As when an eagle, child of light,
On Cambala's unmeasured height,
By Patala, the pontiff's throne revered,
O'er her eyry proudly reared
Sits brooding, and her plumage vast expands,
Thus Ganga o'er her cherished lands,
To Brahma's grateful race endeared,
Throws wide her fostering arms, and on her banks divine
Sees temples, groves, and glittering towers, that in her crystal shine.

Above the stretch of mortal ken,
On blessed Cailasa's top, where every stem
Glowed with a vegetable gem,
Mahesa stood, the dread and joy of men;
While Parvati, to gain a boon,
Fixed on his locks a beamy moon,
And hid his frontal eye, in jocund play,
With reluctant sweet delay:
All nature straight was locked in dim eclipse
Till Brahmans pure with hallowed lips
And warbled prayers restored the day;
When Ganga from his brow by heavenly fingers pressed
Sprang radiant, and descending graced the caverns of the west.

The sun's car blazed, and laughed the morn;
What time near proud Cantesa's eastern bowers,
(While Devata's rained living flowers)
A river-god, so Brahma willed, was born,

And rolled mature his vivid stream
Impetuous with celestial gleam:
The charms of Ganga, through all worlds proclaimed,
Soon his youthful breast enflamed,
But destiny the bridal hour delayed;
Then, distant from the westering maid,
He flowed, now blissful Sanpo named,
By Palte crowned with hills, bold Rimbu's towering state,
And where sage Trashilhumbo hails her Lama's form renate.

But she, whose mind, at Siva's nod
The picture of that sovereign youth had seen,
With graceful port and warlike mien,
In arms and vesture like his parent God,
Smit with the bright idea rushed,
And from her sacred mansion gushed,
Yet ah! with erring step. The western hills
Pride, not pious ardor, fills;
In fierce confederacy the giant bands
Advance with venom-darting hands,
Fed by their own malignant rills;
Nor could her placid grace their savage fury quell:
The madding rifts and shouldering crags her foamy flood repel.

"Confusion wild and anxious woe
Haunt your waste brow," she said, "unholy rocks,
Far from the nectar-dropping locks!
But thou, loved Father, teach my waves to flow."

Loud thunder her high birth confessed;
Then from the inhospitable west
She turned, and, gliding o'er a lovelier plain,
Cheered the pearled East again;
Through groves of nard she rolled, o'er spicy reeds,
Through golden vales and emerald meads;
Till, pleased with Indra's fair domain,
She won through yielding marl her heaven-directed way:
With lengthened notes her eddies curled, and poured a
blaze of day.

Smoothly by Sambal's flaunting bowers,
Smoothly she flows, where Calinadi brings
To Canyacuvja, seat of kings,
On prostrate waves her tributary flowers;
Whilst Yamunà, whose waters clear
Famed Indraprestha's valleys cheer,
With Sereswati knit in mystic chain,
Gurgles o'er the vocal plain
Of Mathura, by sweet Brindávan's grove,
Where Gopa's love-lorn daughters rove,
And hurls her azure stream amain,
Till blest Prayága's point beholds three mingling tides,
Where pilgrims on the far-sought bank drink nectar,
as it glides.

From Himola's perennial snow,
And southern Palamau's less daring steep,
Sonorous rivers, bright though deep,
O'er thirsty deserts youth and freshness throw.
"A goddess comes," cried Gumti chaste,

And rolled her flood with zealous haste:
Her followed Soma with pellucid wave
Dancing from her diamond cave,
Broad Gogra, rushing swift from northern hills,
Red Gandac, drawn by crocodiles,
(Herds, drink not there, nor herdsmen, lave!)
Cosa, whose bounteous hand Nepalian odor flings,
And Mahanadi laughing wild at cities, thrones, and kings.

Thy temples, Casi, next she sought,
And verdurous flames by tepid breezes fanned,
Where health extends her pinions bland,
Thy groves, where pious Valmic sat and thought,
Where Vyása poured the strain sublime,
That laughs at all consuming time,
And Brahmans rapt the lofty Veda sing.
Cease, O, cease, a ruffian king,
The demon of his empire, not the grace,
His ruthless bandits bids deface
The shrines, whence gifts ethereal spring:
So shall his frantic sons with discord rend his throne,
And his fair-smiling realms be swayed by nations yet unknown.

Less hallowed scenes her course prolong;
But Sama, restless power, forbids delay:
To love all virtues homage pay,
E'en stern religion yields. How full, how strong
Her trembling, panting surges run,
Where Patali's immortal son

To domes and turrets gives his awful name
Fragrant in the gales of fame!
Nor stop, where Rama, bright from dire alarms,
Sinks in chaste Sita's constant arms,
While bards his wars and truth proclaim:
There from a fiery cave the bubbling crystal flows,
And Muctigir, delightful hill, with mirth and beauty glows.

O rising bowers, great Cali's boast,
And thou, from Ganga named, enchanting mount,
What voice your wailings can recount
Borne by shrill echo o'er each howling coast,
When He who bade your forests bloom,
Shall seal his eyes in iron gloom?
Exalted youth! The godless mountaineer,
Roaming round his thickets drear,
Whom rigor fired, nor legions could appall,
I see before thy mildness fall,
Thy wisdom love, thy justice fear:
A race, whom rapine nursed, whom gory murder stains,
Thy fair example wins to peace, to gentle virtue trains.

But mark, where old Bhágirath leads
(This boon his prayers of Mahádèw obtain:
Grace more distinguished who could gain?)
Her calmer current o'er his western meads,
Which trips the fertile plains along,
When vengeance waits the oppressor's wrong;
Then girds, fair Nawadwip, thy shaded cells,
Where the Pandit musing dwells;

Thence by the abode of arts and commerce glides,
Till Sagar breasts the bitter tides;
While she, whom struggling passion swells,
Beyond the labyrinth green, where pards by moonlight prowl,
With rapture seeks her destined lord, and pours her mighty soul.

Meanwhile o'er Pótyid's musky dales,
Gay Rangamar, where sweetest spikenard blooms,
And Siret, famed for strong perfumes,
That, flung from shining tresses, lull the gales,
Wild Brahmaputra winding flows,
And murmurs hoarse his amorous woes;
Then, charming Gunga seen, the heavenly boy
Rushes with tumultuous joy:
(Can aught but love to men or gods be sweet?)
When she, the long-lost youth to greet,
Darts, not as earth-born lovers toy,
But blending her fierce waves, and teeming verdant isles;
While buxom Lacshmi crowns their bed, and sounding ocean smiles.

What name, sweet bird! will best allure
Thy sacred ear, and give the honor due?
Vishnupedi? Mild Bhismarsu?
Smooth Suranimnaga? Trisrota pure?
By that I call; its power confess;
With growing gifts thy suppliants bless,
Who with full sails in many a light-oared boat

On thy jasper bosom float;
Nor frown, dread goddess, on a peerless race
With liberal heart and martial grace,
Wafted from colder isles remote:
As they preserve our laws, and bid our terror cease,
So be their darling laws preserved in health, in joy, and peace!

Sir William Jones.

THE PARIAH'S LEGEND.

WATER from the sacred Ganges,
To bring water from the river,
Goes the noble Brahmin's wife.
She was chaste and pure and lovely;
High, immaculate, and honored,
And of sternest justice he.
Daily from the sacred river
Does she fetch the pleasant water;
Not in pitcher nor in vessel,
For she hath no need of these.
Rises of itself the water,
Rolled into a ball of crystal,
To the stainless heart and hand
(Such the power of perfect virtue,
Innocence without a shadow),
And she bears it to her home.

This day comes she in the morning,
Praying, to the flood of Ganges,

Bending lightly o'er the stream;
There she sees, as in a mirror,
From the heaven above reflected,
Floating in the liquid ether,
Such a glorious apparition!
Image of a youth, created
By the thought of the Almighty,
As a form of perfect beauty.
On the wondrous vision gazing,
Feels she straight a new sensation
Thrill throughout her inmost being;
Fascinated still she lingers,
Lingers with a secret longing;
Wishes it would pass, but ever
Floats the image back again.
In amazement, in confusion,
Stoops she to the flowing Ganges,
Trying, with her trembling fingers,
From the stream a ball to fashion.
But, alas! the spell is broken!
For the holy water shuns her,
Seems to shrink as she approaches,
Whirling swiftly from her hands.

Nerveless drop her arms, she totters;
Scarce her fainting limbs can bear her,
Scarce she knows the pathway homewards;
Shall she fly, or shall she tarry?
Thought forsakes her; help and counsel
Are to her that day denied.

So she comes before her husband.
And he looks, — his look is judgment!
Silently the sword he seizes,
Leads her to the hill of terrors,
Where adulterers meet their doom.
How can she, the wife, resist him?
What extenuation offer,
Guilty, knowing not her crime?

With the bloody sword yet dripping,
Homeward to his silent dwelling
Went the inexorable man.
Then his son came forth to meet him.
"Whose that blood? O father, father!"
"Blood of an adulteress!" "Never!
On the blade it has not stiffened,
As adulterous blood would do.
Fresh as from the wound 't is running.
Mother, mother! Oh, come hither!
Unjust was my father never,
What is this that he hath done?"

"Boy, be silent! hers the blood is!"
"Whose?" "Be silent!" "O my mother!
Is it then my mother's blood?
What 's her crime? I will be answered!
Say, what evil hath she done?
Here, — the sword! — Lo, now I grasp it!
Thou mightst slay thy wife unchallenged,
But my mother shalt thou not!
Wives through fire their husbands follow,

Children must avenge their mothers!
As the flames unto the widow,
Is the sword unto the son!"

"Hold thy hand!" exclaimed the father,
"Yet there 's time; oh, hasten, hasten;
Join the head unto the body,
Touch it with the sword of vengeance,
And she 'll follow thee alive!"

Rushing, breathless, what beholds he,
Stretched upon the hill of terror?
Bodies of two slaughtered women,
And their heads are lying near.

Half distracted, blind, and dizzy,
His dear mother's head he seizes,
Does not even stay to kiss it,
Joins it to the nearest body:
Pointing then the sword of vengeance,
Piously completes the spell.

Riseth straight a ghastly figure!
From the dear lips of his mother,
Sweet as ever, nowise altered,
Comes this terrible bewail:

"Son, O son! what fatal rashness!
Yonder lies thy mother's body,
Near it is the head polluted
Of a wretched woman, victim

To the just avenging sword.
Me hast thou in hideous union
Blent forever with her body!
Wise in will, but wild in doing,
Must I move among the spirits.
Yea, that godlike apparition,
Which the eye might blameless look on,
Which the brain might blameless think on,
To the heart becomes a torment,
Stirring passionate desire!
"Still that image must beset me!
Sometimes rising, sometimes falling,
Sometimes bright, and sometimes darkened,
Such is mighty Brahma's will.
He it was who sent the vision,
Floating on its angel pinions,
Radiant face and form so graceful,
God-created in its beauty,
For my trial and temptation;
Since from heaven we may be tempted,
If the gods decree it so.
So must I, a sad Brahmina,
With my head to heaven pertaining,
Feel the gross and earthly passion
Of the Pariah evermore!

"Go, my son, unto thy father!
Be of comfort! Let no penance,
Dull remorse, or hope of merit,
Through a weary expiation,
Drive him to the wilderness.

Go ye forth among the people,
And, so long as speech remaineth,
Tell, oh, tell the meanest creature
That him also Brahma hears!

"For with him there is no meanness,
In his sight are all men equal.
Be he leper, be he outcast,
Be he sunk in want and sorrow,
Be he desolate, heart-broken,
Be he Brahmin, be he Pariah, —
Whosoever prays for mercy,
He shall have it, he shall find it,
When he turns his face to heaven.
Thousand eyes are watching yonder,
Thousand ears are ever listening,
Everything to God is known.

"When I pass before his footstool,
Me beholding, thus distorted
By a vile transfiguration,
Surely will the Father pity.
Yet my curse may be a blessing
Unto you, my son, and many.
For, in humble adoration,
Meekly shall I strive to utter
What the higher sense inspires;
Then, in frenzied adjuration,
Shall I tell him all the passion
That is raging in this bosom.
Thought and impulse, will and weakness, —
Mystery of mysteries!"

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. Tr. W. E. Aytoun.

AN EVENING WALK IN BENGAL.

OUR task is done! on Gunga's breast
The sun is sinking down to rest;
And, moored beneath the tamarind bough,
Our bark has found its harbor now.
With furléd sail and painted side
Behold the tiny frigate ride.
Upon her deck, mid charcoal gleams,
The Moslem's savory supper steams;
While all apart beneath the wood,
The Hindoo cooks his simpler food.

Come walk with me the jungle through.
If yonder hunter told us true,
Far off in desert dank and rude,
The tiger holds its solitude;
Nor (taught by recent harm to shun
The thunders of the English gun),
A dreadful guest but rarely seen,
Returns to scare the village green.
Come boldly on! no venomed snake
Can shelter in so cool a brake.
Child of the Sun! he loves to lie
Midst Nature's embers, parched and dry,
Where o'er some tower in ruin laid,
The peepul spreads its haunted shade;
Or round a tomb his scales to wreathe
Fit warder in the gate of Death.

Come on! yet pause! Behold us now
Beneath the bamboo's archéd bough,
Where gemming oft that sacred gloom
Glows the geranium's scarlet bloom,
And winds our path through many a bower
Of fragrant tree and giant flower;
The Ceiba's crimson pomp displayed
O'er the broad plantain's humbler shade,
And dusk anana's prickly glade;
While o'er the brake, so wild and fair
The betel waves his crest in air.
With pendent train and rushing wings
Aloft the gorgeous peacock springs;
And he the bird of hundred dyes,
Whose plumes the dames of Ava prize.
So rich a shade, so green a sod
Our English fairies never trod!
Yet who in Indian bowers has stood,
But thought on England's "good greenwood"!
And blessed, beneath the palmy shade,
Her hazel and her hawthorn glade,
And breathed a prayer (how oft in vain!)
To gaze upon her oaks again?
A truce to thought, — the jackal's cry
Resounds like sylvan revelry;
And through the trees yon failing ray
Will scantly serve to guide our way.
Yet mark, as fade the upper skies,
Each thicket opes ten thousand eyes.
Before, beside us, and above,
The firefly lights his lamp of love,

Retreating, chasing, sinking, soaring,
The darkness of the copse exploring.
While to this cooler air confest,
The broad Dhature bares her breast,
Of fragrant scent and virgin white,
A pearl around the locks of night!
Still as we pass in softened hum
Along the breezy alleys come
The village song, the horn, the drum.
Still as we pass, from bush and brier,
The shrill Cigala strikes his lyre;
And what is she whose liquid strain
Thrills through yon copse of sugar-cane?
I know that soul-entrancing swell,
It is, — it must be, — Philomel!
Enough, enough, the rustling trees
Announce a shower upon the breeze,
The flashes of the summer sky
Assume a deeper, ruddier dye;
Yon lamp that trembles on the stream,
From forth our cabin sheds its beam;
And we must early sleep to find
Betimes the morning's healthy wind.
But, oh, with thankful hearts confess
Even here there may be happiness;
And He, the bounteous sire, has given
His peace on earth, — his hope of heaven!

Reginald Heber.

THE GANGES.

A STREAM descends on Meru Mountain;
None hath seen its secret fountain;
It had its birth, so sages say,
Upon the memorable day
When Parvati presumed to lay,
In wanton play,
Her hands, too venturous goddess, in her mirth,
On Seeva's eyes, the light and life of earth.
Thereat the heart of the universe stood still;
The elements ceased their influences; the hours
Stopt on the eternal round; motion and breath,
Time, change, and life and death,
In sudden trance opprest, forgot their powers.
A moment, and the dread eclipse was ended;
But at the thought of Nature thus suspended,
The sweat on Seeva's forehead stood,
And Ganges thence upon the world descended,
The holy river, the redeeming flood.

None hath seen its secret fountain;
But on the top of Meru Mountain,
Which rises o'er the hills of earth,
In light and clouds, it hath its mortal birth.
Earth seems that pinnacle to rear
Sublime above this worldly sphere,
Its cradle, and its altar, and its throne,
And there the new-born river lies
Outspread beneath its native skies,

As if it there would love to dwell
Alone and unapproachable.
Soon flowing forward, and resigned
To the will of the Creating Mind,
It springs at once, with sudden leap,
Down from the immeasurable steep.
From rock to rock, with shivering force rebounding,
The mighty cataract rushes; heaven around,
Like thunder, with the incessant roar resounding,
And Meru's summit shaking with the sound.
Wide spreads the snowy foam, the sparkling spray
Dances aloft; and ever there at morning
The earliest sunbeams haste to wing their way,
With rainbow wreaths the holy stream adorning;
And duly the adoring moon at night
Sheds her white glory there,
And in the watery air
Suspends her halo-crowns of silver light.

Robert Southey.

A ROMANCE OF THE GANGES.

SEVEN maidens 'neath the midnight
Stand near the river-sea,
Whose water sweepeth white around
The shadow of the tree.
The moon and earth are face to face,
And earth is slumbering deep;
The wave-voice seems the voice of dreams
That wander through her sleep.
The river floweth on.

What bring they 'neath the midnight,
Beside the river-sea?
They bring the human heart wherein
No nightly calm can be, —
That droppeth never with the wind,
Nor drieth with the dew:
O, calm it, God! Thy calm is broad
To cover spirits, too.
The river floweth on.

The maidens lean them over
The waters, side by side,
And shun each other's deepening eyes,
And gaze adown the tide:
For each within a little boat
A little lamp hath put,
And heaped for freight some lily's weight
Or scarlet rose half shut.
The river floweth on.

Of a shell of cocoa carven,
Each little boat is made:
Each carries a lamp, and carries a flower,
And carries a hope unsaid.
And when the boat hath carried the lamp
Unquenched, till out of sight,
The maidens are sure that love will endure, —
But love will fail with light.
The river floweth on.

Why, all the stars are ready
To symbolize the soul,

The stars untroubled by the wind,
Unwearied as they roll;
And yet the soul by instinct sad
Reverts to symbols low, —
To that small flame whose very name,
Breathed o'er it, shakes it so!
The river floweth on.

Six boats are on the river,
Seven maidens on the shore,
While still above them steadfastly
The stars shine evermore.
Go, little boats, go soft and safe,
And guard the symbol spark!
The boats aright go safe and bright
Across the waters dark.
The river floweth on.

The maiden Luti watcheth
Where onwardly they float.
That look in her dilating eyes
Might seem to drive her boat;
Her eyes still mark the constant fire,
And kindling unawares
That hopeful while she lets a smile
Creep silent through her prayers.
The river floweth on.

The smile, — where hath it wandered?
She riseth from her knee,
She holds her dark, wet locks away, —
There is no light to see!

She cries a quick and bitter cry,
"Nuleeni, launch me thine!
We must have light abroad to-night,
For all the wreck of mine."
The river floweth on.

"I do remember watching
Beside this river-bed,
When on my childish knee was laid
My dying father's head.
I turned mine own, to keep the tears
From falling on his face, —
What doth it prove when death and love
Choose out the selfsame place?"
The river floweth on.

"They say the dead are joyful
The death-change here receiving.
Who say, — ah me! who dare to say
Where joy comes to the living?
Thy boat, Nuleeni! look not sad, —
Light up the waters rather!
I weep no faithless lover where
I wept a loving father."
The river floweth on.

"My heart foretold his falsehood
Ere my little boat grew dim:
And though I closed mine eyes to dream
That one last dream of him,
They shall not now be wet to see
The shining vision go:

From earth's cold love I look above
To the holy house of snow."
The river floweth on.

"Come thou, — thou never knewest
A grief, that thou shouldst fear one!
Thou wearest still the happy look
That shines beneath a dear one!
Thy humming-bird is in the sun,
Thy cuckoo in the grove,
And all the three broad worlds, for thee
Are full of wandering love."
The river floweth on.

"Why, maiden, dost thou loiter?
What secret wouldst thou cover?
That peepul cannot hide thy boat,
And I can guess thy lover:
I heard thee sob his name in sleep, —
It was a name I knew, —
Come, little maid, be not afraid,
But let us prove him true!"
The river floweth on.

The little maiden cometh,
She cometh shy and slow;
I ween she seeth through her lids,
They drop adown so low:
Her tresses meet her small bare feet, —
She stands and speaketh naught,
Yet blusheth red, as if she said
The name she only thought.
The river floweth on.

She knelt beside the water,
  She lighted up the flame,
And o'er her youthful forehead's calm
  The fitful radiance came:
"Go, little boat, go, soft and safe,
  And guard the symbol spark!"
Soft, safe, doth float the little boat
  Across the waters dark.
The river floweth on.

Glad tears her eyes have blinded;
  The light they cannot reach:
She turneth with that sudden smile
  She learnt before her speech, —
"I do not hear his voice! the tears
  Have dimmed my light away!
But the symbol light will last to-night,
  The love will last for aye."
The river floweth on.

Then Luti spake behind her, —
  Outspake she bitterly:
"By the symbol light that lasts to-night,
  Wilt vow a vow to me?"
Nuleeni gazeth up her face, —
  Soft answer maketh she:
"By loves that last when lights are past,
  I vow that vow to thee!"
The river floweth on.

An earthly look had Luti
  Though her voice was deep as prayer, —

"The rice is gathered from the plains
To cast upon thine hair;
But when he comes, his marriage-band
Around thy neck to throw,
Thy bride-smile raise to meet his gaze,
And whisper, — There is one betrays,
When Luti suffers woe."
The river floweth on.

"And when in seasons after,
Thy little bright-faced son
Shall kneel against thy knee and ask
What deeds his sire hath done,
Press deeper down thy mother-smile
His glossy curls among, —
View deep his pretty childish eyes,
And whisper, — There is none denies,
When Luti speaks of wrong."
The river floweth on.

Nuleeni looked in wonder
Yet softly answered she, —
"By loves that last when lights are past,
I vowed that vow to thee.
But why glads it thee that a bride-day be
By a word of woe defiled?
That a word of wrong take the cradle-song
From the ear of a sinless child?"
"Why," Luti said, and her laugh was dread,
And her eyes dilated wild, —
"That the fair new love may her bridegroom prove,
And the father shame the child."
The river floweth on.

"Thou flowest still, O river,
Thou flowest 'neath the moon, —
Thy lily hath not changed a leaf,
Thy charméd lute a tune!
He mixed his voice with thine, — and his
Was all I heard around;
But now, beside his chosen bride,
I hear the river's sound."
The river floweth on.

"I gaze upon her beauty
Through the tresses that enwreathe it:
The light above thy wave is hers, —
My rest, alone beneath it.
O, give me back the dying look
My father gave thy water!
Give back! and let a little love
O'erwatch his weary daughter!"
The river floweth on.

"Give back!" she hath departed, —
The word is wandering with her,
And the stricken maidens hear afar
The step and cry together.
Frail symbols? None are frail enow
For mortal joys to borrow!
While bright doth float Nuleeni's boat,
She weepeth, dark with sorrow.
The river floweth on.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

THE GANGES.

ON sweeps the mighty river, — calmly flowing,
Through the eternal flowers
That light the summer hours
Year after year, perpetual in their blowing.

Over the myriad plains, that current ranges,
Itself as clear and bright
As in its earliest light,
And yet the mirror of perpetual changes.

Here must have ceased the echo of those slaughters,
When stopped the onward jar
Of Macedonian war,
Whose murmur only reached thy ancient waters.

Yet have they reddened with the fierce outpouring
Of human blood and life,
When over kingly strife
The vulture on his fated wing was soaring.

How oft its watch, impatient of the morrow,
Hath mortal misery kept,
Beside thy banks, and wept,
Kissing thy quiet night winds with their sorrow!

Yet thou art on thy course majestic keeping,
Unruffled by the breath

Of man's vain life or death,
Calm as the heaven upon thy bosom sleeping.

Still dost thou keep thy calm and onward motion,
Amid the ancient ranks
Of forests on thy banks,
Till thou hast gained thy home, — the mighty ocean.

And thou dost scatter benefits around thee:
Thy silver current yields
Life to the green rice-fields,
That have like an enchanted girdle bound thee.

By thee are royal gardens, each possessing
A summer in its hues,
Which still thy wave renews;
Where'er thou flowest dost thou bear a blessing.

Such, O my country! should be thy advancing, —
A glorious progress known
As is that river's, shown
By the glad sunshine on its waters glancing.

So should thy moral light be onwards flowing, —
So should its course be bound
By benefits around,
The blessings which itself hath known, bestowing.

Faith, commerce, knowledge, laws, — those should be springing
Where'er thy standard flies

Amid the azure skies,
Whose highest gifts that red-cross flag is bringing.

Already much for man has been effected;
The weak and poor man's cause
Is strengthened by the laws,
The equal right, born with us, all respected.

But much awaits, O England! thy redressing;
Thou hast no nobler guide
Than yon bright river's tide:
Bear as that bears, — where'er thou goest, blessing!

Letitia Elizabeth Landon.

THE HINDOO GIRL'S SONG.

THE Hindoo girls make a little boat out of a cocoanut shell, place a small lamp and flowers within it, and launch it on the Ganges. If it floats out of sight with its lamp still burning, the omen is prosperous; if it sinks, the love of which it questions is ill-fated.

FLOAT on, float on, my haunted bark,
Above the midnight tide;
Bear softly o'er the waters dark
The hopes that with thee glide.

Float on, float on; thy freight is flowers,
And every flower reveals
The dreaming of my lonely hours,
The hope my spirit feels.

Float on, float on; thy shining lamp,
The light of love, is there;
If lost beneath the waters damp,
That love must then despair.

Float on, — beneath the moonlight, float,
The sacred billows o'er:
Ah, some kind spirit guards my boat,
For it has gained the shore.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon.

Goa.

THE FALL OF GOA.

FALLEN is the emporium of the Orient,
That stern Alfonso's arms in dread array
Erst from the Tartar despot tore away,
Shaming in war the god armipotent.
Goa lies low! that fortress eminent,
Dread of the haughty Nayre, the false Malay,
Of many a barbarous tribe. What faint dismay
In Lusian breasts the martial fire has spent?
O bygone age of heroes! days of glory!
Exalted men! ye, who, despite grim death,
Still in tradition live, still live in story,
Terrible Albuquerque, and Castro great, —
And you, their peers, your deeds in memory's breath
Preserved, avenge the wrongs we bear from fate!

Manoel Maria de Barbosa Du Bocage. Tr. Anon.

Golconda.

THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS OF GOLCONDA.

MORNING is round the shining palace,
Mirrored on the tide,
Where the lily lifts her chalice
With its gold inside,
Like an offering from the waves.
Early wakened from their slumbers,
Stand the glittering ranks;
Who is there shall count the numbers
On the river's banks?
Forth the household pours the slaves
Of the kings of fair Golconda,
Of Golconda's ancient kings.

Wherefore to the crimson morning
Are the banners spread,
Daybreak's early colors scorning
With a livelier red?
Pearls are wrought on each silk fold.
Summer flowers are flung to wither
On the common way.
Is some royal bride brought hither
With this festival array,
To the city's mountain-hold
Of the kings of old Golconda,
Of Golconda's ancient kings?

From the gates the slow procession,
Troops and nobles come.
This hour takes the king possession
Of an ancient home,—
One he never leaves again.
Musk and sandalwood and amber
Fling around their breath:
They will fill the murky chamber
Where the bride is Death.
Where the worm hath sole domain
O'er the kings of old Golconda,
O'er Golconda's ancient kings.

Now the monarch must surrender
All his golden state,
Yet the mockeries of splendor
On the pageant wait
That attends him to the tomb.
Music on the air is swelling,
'T is the funeral song,
As to his ancestral dwelling,
He is borne along,
They must share life's common doom,
The kings of fair Golconda,
Golconda's ancient kings.

What are now the chiefs that gather?
What their diamond mines?
What the heron's snowy feather
On their crest that shines?
What their valleys of the rose?
For another is their glory,
And their state and gold;

They are a forgotten story,
Faint and feebly told, —
Breaking not the still repose
Of the kings of fair Golconda,
Of Golconda's ancient kings.

Glorious is their place of sleeping,
Gold with azure wrought,
And embroidered silk is sweeping,
Silk from Persia brought
Round the carvéd marble walls.
Not the less the night owl's pinion
Stirs the dusky air,
Not the less is the dominion
Of the earth-worm there.
Not less deep the shadow falls
O'er the kings of fair Golconda,
O'er Golconda's ancient kings.

Not on such vain aids relying,
Can the human heart
Triumph o'er the dead and dying.
It must know its part
In the glorious hopes that wait
The bright openings of the portal
Far beyond the sky,
Faith whose promise is immortal,
Life that cannot die; —
These are stronger than the state
Of the kings of fair Golconda,
Of Golconda's ancient kings.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon.

Gour.

GOUR.

NOR may we pass Gour's ruins lone and gray,
Seat of Bengal's proud lords in former day.
Vast piles of brick, once grandeur's glittering domes,
Fragments of pillars — shattered, nameless tombs —
High banks where poison-shrubs and jungle grow,
Shrouding for leagues the winding walls below, —
Such is the scene; e'en Ganges' sacred tide
Hath turned, for many a year, its course aside;
Like some false friend who flies, when adverse fate
Hath made its victim dark and desolate:
Type of the Hindoo faith, which says that stream
Conducts to heaven, all changeful though it seem.
Yes, where the hallowed waters gushed of yore,
Myriads have knelt, to worship and adore;
Men of far countries, wan Disease and Age
Have sought these banks in weary pilgrimage,
On Ganges fixed at last their rapturous eyes,
And deemed its murmurs hymns of Paradise.

Nicholas Michell.

Himalaya, the Mountains.

HYMN TO DURGA.

FROM thee begins the solemn air,
Adored Ganésa; next, thy sire we praise
(Him, from whose red clustering hair
A new-born crescent sheds propitious rays,
Fair as Ganga's curling foam),
Dread Is'wara; who loved o'er awful mountains,
Rapt in prescience deep, to roam,
But chiefly those, whence holy rivers gush,
Bright from their secret fountains,
And o'er the realms of Brahma rush.

Rock above rock they ride sublime,
And lose their summits in blue fields of day,
Fashioned first, when rolling Time,
Vast infant, in his golden cradle lay,
Bidding endless ages run
And wreathe their giant heads in snows eternal
Gilt by each revolving sun;
Though neither morning beam, nor noontide glare,
In wintry sign or vernal,
Their adamantine strength impair;

Nor e'en the fiercest summer heat
Could thrill the palace, where their monarch reigned
On his frost-impearléd seat,
(Such height had unremitted virtue gained!)
Himalaya, to whom a lovely child,

Sweet Parvatì, sage Mena bore,
Who now, in earliest bloom, saw heaven adore
Her charms, earth languish till she smiled.

Sir William Jones.

HIMALAYA.

A WANDERER once upon the snowy range
Of Himalaya, on one vapory morn,
I saw stand on a peak, rugged and torn,
A giant figure, vast and dim and strange,
As is the Brocken Spectre: what a change
Came o'er my vision, when the sun had shorn
The mists away, and I, much nearer borne,
Beheld the golden lights and clouds arrange
Their glory round no Spirit, but a man:
New hopes beat down and banished false alarms;
I longed for converse in that lonely place:
Toward my fellow-creature swift I ran:
My heart leaped up when I beheld his face;
And lo! I clasped my brother in my arms.

John Bruce Norton.

Jeypoor.

A GRAVE IN INDIA.

A LONELY grave, far from all kindred ties;
Lonely like life, and that was passed afar
From friends and home. 'T is well that youth has hopes
That gladden, with the future, present hours;

Or else how sorrowful would seem the time
Which parts the young bird from its parent nest,
To wing its passage through the dreary world.
Alas! hope is not prophecy, — we dream,
But rarely does the glad fulfilment come:
We leave our land and we return no more,
Or come again, the weary and the worn.
But yonder grave, where the dark branches droop,
The only sign of mourning, early closed
O'er the young English stranger; — former love
And other days were warm about his heart,
When it grew cold forever.

* * *

And many are the tombs that scattered lie
Alone neglected, o'er the Indian plains, —
'T is the worst curse, on this our social world,
Fortune's perpetual presence, — wealth, which now
Is like life's paramount necessity.
For this, the household band is broken up,
The hearth made desolate, and sundered hearts
Left to forget or break. For this the earth
Is covered with a thousand English graves,
By whose side none remain to weep or pray;
Alas! we do mistake, and vainly buy
Our golden idols at too great a price.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon.

Lahore.

RUNJEET-SINGH AND HIS SUWARREE OF SEIKS.

THE hunters were up in the light of the morn,
High on the clear air their banners were borne;
And the steeds that they mounted were bright to behold
With housings that glittered in silver and gold.

Proud at their head rode the chief of Lahore.
A dagger that shone with the ruby, he wore;
And Inde and Bokhara and Iran supplied
The dogs, stanch and gallant, that coursed at his side.

He wears the green robe of the Prophet's high line,
He is sprung from the chieftain of Mecca's far shrine;
His horse, on whose bridle the white pearls are sown,
Has a lineage as distant and pure as his own.

His falconers are round him, a bird on each hand, —
No Norman from Norway ere brought such a band,
So strong is each wing, so dark is each eye
That flings back the light it has learnt in the sky.

In vain from the chase of that gallant array
The wild boar will hide in the forest to-day;
In vain will the tiger spring forth from its gloom,
He springs on the sabre that beareth his doom.

On, on through the greenwoods that girdle the pass,
The sun and the dew are alike on the grass;
On, on, till by moonlight the gathering be
Of the hunters that rest by the banyan-tree.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon.

Lucknow.

THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW.

PIPES of the misty moorlands,
Voice of the glens and hills;
The droning of the torrents,
The treble of the rills!
Not the braes of broom and heather,
Nor the mountains dark with rain,
Nor maiden bower, nor border tower,
Have heard your sweetest strain!

Dear to the Lowland reaper
And plaided mountaineer, —
To the cottage and the castle
The Scottish pipes are dear; —
Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch
O'er mountain, loch, and glade;
But the sweetest of all music
The pipes at Lucknow played.

Day by day the Indian tiger
Louder yelled, and nearer crept;
Round and round the jungle-serpent
Near and nearer circles swept.
"Pray for rescue, wives and mothers, —
Pray to-day!" the soldier said;
"To-morrow death 's between us
And the wrong and shame we dread."

O, they listened, looked, and waited,
Till their hope became despair;
And the sobs of low bewailing
Filled the pauses of their prayer.
Then up spake a Scottish maiden,
With her ear unto the ground:
"Dinna ye hear it? — dinna ye hear it?
The pipes o' Havelock sound!"

Hushed the wounded man his groaning;
Hushed the wife her little ones;
Alone they heard the drum-roll
And the roar of Sepoy guns.
But to sounds of home and childhood
The Highland ear was true; —
As her mother's cradle-crooning
The mountain pipes she knew.

Like the march of soundless music
Through the vision of the seer,
More of feeling than of hearing,
Of the heart than of the ear,
She knew the droning pibroch,
She knew the Campbell's call:
"Hark! hear ye no' MacGregor's, —
The grandest o' them all!"

O, they listened, dumb and breathless,
And they caught the sound at last;
Faint and far beyond the Goomtee
Rose and fell the piper's blast!

Then a burst of wild thanksgiving
Mingled woman's voice and man's;
"God be praised! — the march of Havelock!
The piping of the clans!"

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,
Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,
Came the wild MacGregor's clan-call,
Stinging all the air to life.
But when the far-off dust-cloud
To plaided legions grew,
Full tenderly and blithesomely
The pipes of rescue blew!

Round the silver domes of Lucknow,
Moslem mosque and Pagan shrine,
Breathed the air to Britons dearest,
The air of Auld Lang Syne.
O'er the cruel roll of war-drums
Rose that sweet and homelike strain;
And the tartan clove the turban,
As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.

Dear to the corn-land reaper
And plaided mountaineer, —
To the cottage and the castle
The piper's song is dear.
Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch
O'er mountain, glen, and glade;
But the sweetest of all music
The pipes at Lucknow played!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

OH, that last day in Lucknow fort!
We knew that it was the last;
That the enemy's lines crept surely on,
And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe meant worse than death;
And the men and we all worked on;
It was one day more of smoke and roar,
And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife,
A fair, young, gentle thing,
Wasted with fever in the siege,
And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground, in her Scottish plaid,
And I took her head on my knee;
"When my father comes hame frae the pleugh," she said,
"O, then please wauken me."

She slept like a child on her father's floor,
In the flecking of woodbine-shade,
When the house-dog sprawls by the open door,
And the mother's wheel is stayed.

It was smoke and roar and powder-stench,
And hopeless waiting for death;

And the soldier's wife, like a full-tired child,
Seemed scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep; and I had my dream
Of an English village-lane,
And wall and garden; — but one wild scream
Brought me back to the roar again.

There Jessie Brown stood listening
Till a sudden gladness broke
All over her face; and she caught my hand
And drew me near as she spoke: —

"The Hielanders! O, dinna ye hear
The slogan far awa?
The McGregor's. O, I ken it weel;
It 's the grandest o' them a'!

"God bless the bonny Hielanders!
We 're saved! we 're saved!" she cried:
And fell on her knees; and thanks to God
Flowed forth like a full flood-tide.

Along the battery-line her cry
Had fallen among the men,
And they started back; — they were there to die;
But was life so near them, then?

They listened for life; the rattling fire
Far off, and the far-off roar,
Were all; and the colonel shook his head,
And they turned to their guns once more.

But Jessie said, "The slogan's done;
  But winna ye hear it noo.
'The Campbells are comin'? It 's no' a dream;
  Our succors hae broken through!"

We heard the roar and the rattle afar,
  But the pipes we could not hear;
So the men plied their work of hopeless war,
  And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it made its way,—
  A thrilling, ceaseless sound:
It was no noise from the strife afar,
  Or the sappers under ground.

It was the pipes of the Highlanders!
  And now they played "Auld Lang Syne."
It came to our men like the voice of God,
  And they shouted along the line.

And they wept, and shook one another's hands,
  And the women sobbed in a crowd;
And every one knelt down where he stood,
  And we all thanked God aloud.

That happy time, when we welcomed them,
  Our men put Jessie first;
And the general gave her his hand, and cheers
  Like a storm from the soldiers burst.

And the pipers' ribbons and tartan streamed,
  Marching round and round our line;
And our joyful cheers were broken with tears,
  As the pipes played "Auld Lang Syne."

Robert Lowell.

Madura.

HINDOO TEMPLES AND PALACE AT MADURA.

LITTLE the present careth for the past,
Too little, — 't is not well!
For careless ones we dwell
Beneath the mighty shadow it has cast.

Its blessings are around our daily path,
We share its mighty spoil,
We live on its great toil,
And yet how little gratitude it hath.

Look on these temples, they were as a shrine
From whence to the far north
The human mind went forth,
The moral sunshine of a world divine, —

The light that is of heaven shone there the first,
The elements of art,
Mankind's diviner part;
There was young Science in its cradle nurst.

That inward world which maketh of our clay
Its temporary home;
From whence those lightnings come,
That kindle from a far and better day.

Mighty the legacies by mind bequeathed,
For glorious were its pains

Amid those giant fanes,
And mighty were the triumphs it achieved.

A woman's triumph mid them is imprest,*
One who upon the scroll
Flung the creative soul
Disdainful of life's flowers and of its rest.

Vast was the labor, vast the enterprise,
For she was of a race
Born to the lowest place,
Earth insects, lacking wings whereon to rise.

How must that youthful cheek have lost its bloom,
How many a dream above
Of early hope and love,
Must that young heart have closed on like a tomb!

Such throw life's flowers behind them, and aspire
To ask the stars their lore,
And from each ancient store
Seek food to stay the mind's consuming fire.

Her triumph was complete and long; the chords
She struck are yet alive;
Not vainly did she strive
To leave her soul immortal on her words.

* The celebrated Avyia, a Pariah of the lowest class, who obtained such literary distinction that her works are even now the class-books of the scholars of the highest rank and caste in the Hindoo schools of the Indian Peninsula."

A great example she has left behind,
A lesson we should take,
Whose first task is to make
The general wish to benefit our kind.

Our sword has swept o'er India; there remains
A nobler conquest far,
The mind's ethereal war,
That but subdues to civilize its plains.

Let us pay back the past the debt we owe,
Let us around dispense
Light, hope, intelligence,
Till blessings track our steps where'er we go.

O England! thine be the deliverer's need,
Be thy great empire known
By hearts made all thine own
By thy free laws and thy immortal creed.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon.

Malabar.

MALABAR.

Night after night the heavens' still cope,
That glows with stars, they watch, till morning bears
Airs of sweet fragrance o'er the yellow tide;
Then Malabar her green declivities

Hangs beauteous, beaming to the eye afar
Like scenes of pictured bliss, the shadowy land
Of soft enchantment. Now Salmala's peak
Shines high in air, and Ceylon's dark green woods
Beneath are spread; while as the strangers wind
Along the curving shores, sounds of delight
Are heard; and birds of richest plumage, red
And yellow, glance along the shades; or fly
With morning twitter, circling o'er the mast,
As singing welcome to the weary crew.
Here rest, till westering gales again invite.
Then o'er the line of level seas glide on,
As the green deities of ocean guide,
Till Ophir's distant hills spring from the main,
And their long labors cease.

William Lisle Bowles.

ODE TO AN INDIAN GOLD COIN.

SLAVE of the dark and dirty mine!
What vanity has brought thee here?
How can I love to see thee shine
So bright, whom I have bought so dear?
The tent-ropes flapping lone I hear
For twilight converse, arm in arm,
The jackal's shriek bursts on mine ear
When mirth and music wont to charm.

By Cherical's dark, wandering streams,
Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,

Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams,
Of Teviot loved while still a child,
Of castled rock, stupendous piled
By Esk or Eden's classic wave,
Where loves of youth and friendship smiled,
Uncursed by thee, vile, yellow slave!

Fade, day-dreams sweet, from memory fade!
The perished bliss of youth's first prime,
That once so bright on fancy played,
Revives no more in after-time:
Far from my sacred natal clime,
I haste to an untimely grave;
The daring thoughts that soared sublime
Are sunk in Ocean's Southern wave.

Slave of the mine! thy yellow light
Gleams baneful as the tomb-fire drear;
A gentle vision comes by night
My lonely widow's heart to cheer:
Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
That once were guiding-stars to mine;
Her fond heart throbs with many a fear!
I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile, yellow slave,
I left a heart that loved me true,
I crossed the tedious ocean wave,
To roam in climes unkind and new.
The cold wind of the stranger blew
Chill on my withered heart; the grave

Dark and untimely met my view, —
And all for thee, vile, yellow slave!

Ha! com'st thou now so late to mock
A wanderer's banished heart forlorn,
Now that his frame the lightning-shock
Of sun-rays tipped with death has borne
From love? from friendships, country torn,
To memory's fond regrets the prey?
Vile slave, thy yellow dross I scorn!
Go mix thee with thy kindred clay!

John Leyden.

Meru, the Mountain.

ON MOUNT MERU.

WILL the time come when man, the all-conquering, shall lay his hand on the past as on a weapon, and say, with it in his terrible grasp, to the future, "Be thou my slave"?

IN earliest ages on Mount Meru
Stood together and talked, the Two.

Gazing far from the golden berg,
The Dæmon spoke to the Demiurg:

"All is beautiful, all is true;
Ocean and sky with their blending blue.

"All that wends from its type at will
Is found in some higher harmony still.

"Leaves deformed on the twig I see,
But all meet well in the spreading tree.

"All is beautiful, all is fit,
One creature alone seems wrong in it, —

"The creature Man, the being accurst,
Unstable, unmeeting, — the weakest and worst.

"All things together seem fitly grown,
But that monster wanders unplaced and alone."

Infinite worlds at the music woke
When to the Dæmon the Maker spoke;

"Thine is the mission with pain and strife,
To labor that death may awake to life.

"Ever denying, destroying, the fight
Turns falsehood and darkness to truth and light.

"But all the battles thy craft e'er span
Will be naught to thy strife with that creature Man,

"For he alone in creation's range
Possesses the endless power of change.

"And when the tortures of change are past.
He will conquer all things and thee at last."

Infinite worlds at the jarring stirred,
When the first-born laughter in life was heard.

And the Dæmon laughed: "Thou hast given me skill
To strengthen life with power to kill;

"And may I die in my own wild wrath
If I force not Man to a single path!

"My own full power I never have seen
To show what agony, suffering, mean;

"And all my power together I'll draw,
But Man shall walk in a single law."

In later ages on Mount Meru,
Again Time gazed on the fearful Two.

Slowly the centuries ebbed away:
At the foot of the Maker the Dæmon lay.

Adown his head the Denier bent:
"I have worked in all things — my course is spent —

"And Man — thy creature — has conquered me
Forever — *Vicisti, Galilæe!*"

Charles Godfrey Leland.

Mooltan.

MOOLTAN.

"A COMPANY of Moolraj's Muzubees, or outcasts turned Sikhs, led on the mob. It was an appalling sight; and Sirdar Khan Sing begged of Mr. Agnew to be allowed to wave a sheet and sue for mercy. Weak in body from loss of blood, Agnew's heart failed him not. He replied: 'The time for mercy is gone; let none be asked for. They can kill us two if they like, but we are not the last of the English: thousands of Englishmen will come down here when we are gone, and annihilate Moolraj, and his soldiers, and his fort!' The crowd now rushed in with horrible shouts; made Khan Sing prisoner, and, pushing aside the servants with the butts of their muskets, surrounded the two wounded officers. Lieutenant Anderson, from the first, had been too much wounded even to move; and now Mr. Agnew was sitting by his bedside, holding his hand, and talking in English. Doubtless, they were bidding each other farewell for all time. . . . . Anderson was hacked to death with swords, and afterward the two bodies were dragged outside, and slashed and insulted by the crowd; then left all night under the sky." — MAJOR EDWARDES'S *Year on the Punjaub Frontier*, Vol. II. p. 58.

BEAR them gently, bear them duly up the broad and sloping breach
Of this torn and shattered city, till their resting-place they reach.

In the costly cashmeres folded, on the stronghold's topmost crown,
In the place of foremost honor, lay these noble relics down.

Here repose, for this is meetest, ye who here breathed out your life —
Ah! in no triumphant battle, but beneath the assassin's knife.

Hither bearing England's message, bringing England's
just command,
Under England's ægis, came ye to the chieftain of the
land:

In these streets beset and wounded, hardly borne with
life away —
Faint and bleeding and forsaken, in your helplessness
ye lay.

But the wolves that once have tasted blood will raven
still for more;
From the infuriate city rises high the wild and savage
roar.

Near and nearer grows the tumult of the gathering,
murderous crew;
Tremble round those helpless couches an unarmed but
faithful few:

"Profitless is all resistance; let us, then, this white
flag wave;
Ere it be too late, disdain not mercy at their hands to
crave."

But to no unworthy pleading would descend that noble
twain: —
"Nay, for mercy sue not; ask not what to ask from
these were vain.

"We are two, betrayed and lonely; human help or
hope is none;
Yet, O friends, be sure that England owns beside us
many a son.

"They may slay us: in our places multitudes will here be found,
Strong to hurl this guilty city with its murderers to the ground!

"Yea, who stone by stone would tear it from its deep foundations strong,
Rather than to leave unpunished them that wrought this bloody wrong."

Other words they changed between them, which none else could understand —
Accents of our native English, brothers grasping hand in hand.

So they died, the gallant-hearted! so from earth their spirits past
Uttering words of lofty comfort each to each unto the last:

And we heed, but little heeded their true spirits far away,
All of wrong and coward outrage, heaped on the unfeeling clay!

— Lo! a few short moons have vanished, and the promised ones appear;
England's pledged and promised thousands, England's multitudes are here.

Flame around the blood-stained ramparts swiftest messengers of death,
Girdling with a fiery girdle, blasting with a fiery breath!

Ceasing not, till, choked with corpses, low is laid the
murderers' hold,
And in his last lair the tiger toils of righteous wrath
enfold.

Well, O, well! — ye have not failed them who on Eng-
land's truth relied —
Who on England's name and honor did in that dread
hour confide:

Now one last dear duty render to the faithful and the
brave,
What they left of earth behind them rescuing for a
worthier grave.

O, then, bear them, hosts of England, up the broad
and sloping breach
Of this torn and shattered city, till their resting-place
they reach.

In the costly cashmeres folded, on the rampart's top-
most crown,
In the place of foremost honor, lay these noble relics
down.

Richard Chenevix Trench.

Mussooree.

THE ABBEY NEAR MUSSOOREE.

ALONE, alone, on the mountain brow,
The sky above, the earth below;
Your comrades, the clouds, with the driving rain
Bathing your roof ere it reach the plain.

Loud on its way, as a forest blast,
The eagle that dwells at your side sweeps past;
Dark are its wings, and fierce its eye,
And its shadow falls o'er you in passing by.

White with the snow of a thousand years,
Tall in the distance the Chor appears;
Hot though the sunshine kindle the air,
Still hath the winter a palace there.

Away to the south the Jumna takes
Its way through the melons' golden brakes,
Through gardens, cities, and crowded plains, —
Little, methinks, on its course it gains.

Round are the woods of the ancient oak,
And pines that scorn at the woodman's stroke;
And yet the axe is on its way
Those stately trees in the dust to lay.

They have opened the quarries of lime and stone;
There is nothing that man will leave alone:

He buildeth the house, he tilleth the soil;
No place is free from care and toil.

Ye old and ye stately solitudes,
Where the white snow lies, and the eagle broods,
Where every sound but the wind was still;
Or the voice of the torrent adown the hill;—

Woe on our wretched and busy race
That will not leave Nature a resting-place.
We roam over earth, we sail o'er the wave,
Till there is not a quiet spot but the grave.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon.

Salsette, the Island.

SALSETTE.

HARK! from Salsette's once fair and flowery shore
The jackal's cry, the tiger's hollow roar;
Where dark-eyed Nautch-girls danced in beauty's pride,
The toad spits venom now, and serpents glide;
The marble steps are clothed with waving grass,
No sun-bright streams purl music as ye pass;
Yon altars own no more the prophet's sway;
The Eden that once bloomed hath passed away.
Yet here, mid scenes luxuriant as sublime,
Was Buddha worshipped, pride of elder time,
Classed with those spirits centuries only bring,

To raise their kind, and clear Truth's darkening spring;
Blessed sage of Ind! but Persecution's brand
His followers smote, — they fled their native land;
Their creed, their rites the hapless exiles bore
To many a foreign wild and mountain shore;
And fast their doctrines spread, — to Buddha now,
Like leaves in autumn, countless millions bow.

Nicholas Michell.

Seringapatam.

THE DIRGE OF TIPPOO SULTAN.

HOW quickly fled our sultan's state!
How soon his pomp has passed away!
How swiftly sped Seringa's fate
From wealth and power to dire decay!
How proud his conquering banners flew!
How stately marched his dread array!
Soon as the King of earth withdrew
His favoring smile, they passed away.

His peopled kingdoms stretching wide
A hundred subject leagues could fill,
While dreadful frowned in martial pride
A hundred Droogs from hill to hill.
His hosts of war, a countless throng,
His Franks, impatient for the fray,
His horse, that proudly pranced along, —
All in a moment passed away.

His mountain-forts of living stone
Were hewn from every massy rock;
Whence bright the sparkling rockets shone,
And loud the volleyed thunder spoke.
His silver lances gleamed on high;
His spangled standards fluttered gay:
Lo! in the twinkling of an eye
Their martial pride has passed away.

Girt by the Cavery's holy stream,
By circling walls in triple row,
While deep between, with sullen gleam,
The dreary moat outspread below,
High o'er the portals, jarring hoarse,
Stern ramparts rose in dread array;
Towers that seemed proof to mortal force,
All in a moment passed away.

His elephants of hideous cry,
His steeds that pawed the battling-ground,
His golden stores that wont to lie,
In years of peace, in cells profound:
Himself a chief of prowess high,
Unmatched in battle's stormy day;—
Lo, in the twinkling of an eye,
Our dauntless hero passed away.

* * *

A hundred granaries huge enclosed
Full eighteen sorts of foodful grain:
Dark in his arsenals reposed
Battle's terrific flame-mouthed train.

How paltry proud Duryoden's state
To his, in fortune's prosperous day,
In wealth, in martial pomp elate:
All in a moment passed away.

Before our prince of deathless fame
The silver trumpet's thrilling sound,
Applauding heralds loud acclaim,
And deep-toned nobuts shook the ground.
His was the wealth by Rajahs won,
Beneath their high imperial sway,
While eight successive ages run:
But all, alas! has passed away.

How swift the ruthless spoiler came,
How quick he ravaged, none can say,
Save He whose dreadful eye of flame
Shall blast him on the Judgment-day.
The noontide came with baleful light,
The sultan's corpse in silence lay:
His kingdom, like a dream of night,
In silence vanished quite away.

* * *

Where was God Allah's far-famed power,
Thy boasted inspiration's might;
Where, in that unpropitious hour,
Was fled thy Koran's sacred light?
Vain was each prayer and high behest,
When Runga doomed thy fatal day:
How small a bullet pierced thy breast!
How soon thy kingdom past away!

Amid his queens of royal race,
Of princely form the monarch trod;
Amid his sons of martial grace,
The warrior moved an earthly god.
Girt with bold chiefs of prowess high,
How proud was his imperial sway!
Soon as the god of lotus-eye
Withdrew his smile, it past away.

Coorg, Cuddapah, and Concan-land,
Their princely lords of old renown
To thee outspread the unweaponed hand,
And crouched at thine imperial frown.
Proud mountain-chiefs, — the lofty crest
They bent beneath thy sceptred sway, —
How dire the blow that pierced thy breast!
How soon thy kingdom passed away!

The sovereign of proud Delhi's throne,
That held the prostrate world in awe,
Sri-Munt, whose rule compels alone
Mahratta tribes devoid of law;
The Rajahs of the peopled world
Resigned their realms in deep dismay,
Where'er thy victor-flag unfurled:
How soon thy kingdom passed away!

* * *

How vain is every mortal boast,
How empty earthly pomp and power!
Proud bulwarks crumble down to dust,
If o'er them adverse fortune lower.

In Vishnu's lotus-foot alone
Confide! his power shall ne'er decay,
When tumbles every earthly throne,
And mortal glory fades away.

John Leyden.

Siam.

SIAM.

WHERE to the morn the towers of Tava shine,
Begins great Siam's empire's far stretched line.
On Queda's fields the genial rays inspire
The richest gust of spicery's fragrant fire.
Malacca's castled harbor here survey,
The wealthful seat foredoomed of Lusian sway.
Here to their port the Lusian fleet shall steer,
From every shore far round assembling here
The fragrant treasures of the Eastern world:
Here from the shore by rolling earthquakes hurled,
Through waves all foam, Sumatra's isle was riven,
And mid white whirlpools down the ocean driven
To this fair isle, the golden Chersonese,
Some deem the sapient monarch ploughed the seas,
Ophir its Tyrian name. In whirling roars
How fierce the tide boils down these clasping shores!
High from the strait the lengthening coast afar,
Its moonlight curve points to the northern star,
Opening its bosom to the silver ray
When fair Aurora pours the infant day.

Luis de Camoens. Tr. W. J. Mickle.

THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

GREAT Mahawasant, of Siam the King,
Has half of India under his wing;
Twelve kings, with the Great Mogul, obey
His rule, and acknowledge his sovereign sway.

Each year, with banner, trumpet, and drum,
To Siam the trains with the tribute come;
Many thousand camels, with backs piled high
With the costliest treasures of earth, draw nigh.

When the camels he sees with their heavy piles,
The soul of the king in secret smiles;
But in public in truth he always deplores
That his storehouses serve not to hold all his stores.

Yet these storehouses all are so lofty and spacious,
So full of magnificence, so capacious,
The reality's splendor surpasses in glory
The Arabian Nights' most wondrous story.

The "Castle of Indra," call they the hall,
In which are displayed the deities all,
The golden images, chiselled with care,
And all incrusted with jewels so rare.

Full thirty thousand their numbers are:
Their ugliness passes description far;
A compound of men and animals dread,
With many a hand and many a head.

In the "Hall of Purple" one wonderingly sees
Some thirteen hundred coral trees,
As big as palms, a singular sight.
With spiral branches, a forest bright.

The floor of purest crystal is made,
And all the trees are in it displayed,
While pheasants of glittering plumage gay
Strut up and down in a dignified way.

The ape on which the monarch doth dote
A ribbon of silk wears round his throat,
Whence hangs the key that opens the hall
Which people the "Chamber of Slumber" call.

All kinds of jewels of value high
All over the ground here scattered lie
Like common peas, with diamonds rare,
That in size with the egg of a fowl compare.

On sacks that stuffed with pearls appear
The monarch is wont to stretch himself here;
The ape lies down by the monarch proud,
And both of them slumber and snore aloud.

But the king's most precious, costly treasure,
His happiness, his soul's first pleasure,
The joy and the pride of Mahawasant
Is truly his snow-white elephant.

As a home for a guest so highly respected
A splendid palace the king has erected;

Gay lotos-headed columns uphold
Its roof, all covered with plates of gold.

Three hundred heralds stand at the gate,
As the elephant's guard of honor to wait;
And kneeling down with low-bent back
There serve him a hundred eunuchs black.

For his proboscis the daintiest meat
On golden dishes they bring him to eat;
From silver buckets he drinks his wine,
Well seasoned with spices sweet and fine.

With perfumes they rub him, and otto of roses,
On his head a chaplet of flowers reposes,
The richest shawls that are made in the East
As carpets serve for the dignified beast.

* * *

Heinrich Heine. Tr. E. A. Bowring.

CHINESE EMPIRE.

INTRODUCTORY.

AT THE BANQUET TO THE CHINESE EMBASSY.

August 21, 1868.

BROTHERS, whom we may not reach
Through the veil of alien speech,
Welcome! welcome! eyes can tell
What the lips in vain would spell, —
Words that hearts can understand,
Brothers from the Flowery Land!

We, the evening's latest born,
Hail the children of the morn!
We, the new creation's birth,
Greet the lords of ancient earth,
From their storied walls and towers
Wandering to these tents of ours!

Land of wonders, fair Cathay,
Who long hast shunned the staring day,
Hid in mists of poet's dreams
By thy blue and yellow streams, —
Let us thy shadowed form behold, —
Teach us as thou didst of old.

Knowledge dwells with length of days;
Wisdom walks in ancient ways;
Thine the compass that could guide
A nation o'er the stormy tide,
Scourged by passions, doubts, and fears,
Safe through thrice a thousand years!

Looking from thy turrets gray,
Thou hast seen the world's decay, —
Egypt drowning in her sands, —
Athens rent by robbers' hands, —
Rome, the wild barbarian's prey,
Like a storm-cloud swept away:

Looking from thy turrets gray,
Still we see thee. Where are they?
And lo! a new-born nation waits,
Sitting at the Golden Gates
That glitter by the sunset sea, —
Waits with outspread arms for thee!

Open wide, ye gates of gold,
To the Dragon's banner-fold!
Builders of the mighty wall,

Bid your mountain barriers fall!
So may the girdle of the sun
Bind the East and West in one,

Till Mount Shasta's breezes fan
The snowy peaks of Ta-Sieue-Shan, —
Till Erie blends its waters blue
With the waves of Tung-Ting-Hu, —
Till deep Missouri lends its flow
To swell the rushing Hoang-Ho!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

VOX POPULI.

WHEN Marzárvan, the magician,
Journeyed westward through Cathay,
Nothing heard he but the praises
Of Badoura on his way.

But the lessening rumor ended
When he came to Khaledan;
There the folk were talking only
Of Prince Camaralzaman.

So it happens with the poets;
Every province hath its own:
Camaralzaman is famous
Where Badoura is unknown!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE WALL OF CHINA.

THERE standeth a building which ages have tried,
It is not a dwelling, it is not a fane;
A hundred days round it the rider may ride,
And ride, if to compass its measure, in vain.
And years told in hundreds against it have striven,
By time never sapped, and by storm never bowed,
Still sublimely it stands in the rainbow of heaven,
Reaching now to the ocean and now to the cloud.
Not constructed a boast to vainglory to yield,
It serves as defender, to save and to shield;
And nowhere its like on the earth is surveyed;
And yet by the labors of man it was made!

Friedrich von Schiller. Tr. Edward, Lord Lytton.

CHINA.

WHAT shall we call
This Curious One, who builded a great wall,
That, rivers crossing, skirting mountain steeps,
Did not keep out, but let in, the Invader;
Who is what her ancients made her;
Who neither wholly wakes, nor wholly sleeps,
Fool at once and sage,
Childhood of more than patriarchal age?
With twinkling, almond eyes, and little feet,
She totters hither, from her fields of flowers,
From where Pekin uplifts its pictured towers,
And from the markets where her merchants meet
And barter with the world. We close our eyes,

And see her otherwise.
(Perhaps the spell began
With the quaint figures on her painted fan.)
At first she is a Land,
A stretch of plains and mountains, and long rivers,
Down which her inland tribute she delivers
To the sea cities: where a child may stand,
A man may climb, plants are, and shrubs, and trees;
Arable everywhere,
No idlers there
In that vast hive-world of industrious bees!
Now she is many persons, many things,
The little and the great:
The Emperor ploughing in the Sacred Field,
What time the New-Year comes in solemn state;
A soldier, with his matchlock, bow, and shield,
Behind the many-bannered dragon wings;
A bonze, where the high pagodas rise,
And Buddha sits, cross-legged, in rapt repose;
A husbandman that goes
And sows his fallow fields with barley, wheat,
And gathers in his harvests, dries his tea;
Hunter, from whom the silver pheasant flies;
Boatman, whose boat floats downward to the sea;
Sailor, whose junk is clumsy; woodman, who
Cuts camphor-trees and groves of tall bamboo;
Gardens, wherein the zones like sisters meet,
Where bud and flower and fruit together grow,
The banyan and pomegranate, and the palm,
And the great water-lily, white as snow;
Rivers, with low squat bridges; everywhere
Women and children; beardless men, with queues,

In tunics, short wide trousers, silken shoes,
Some with the peakéd caps of Mandarins;
Behold the ruby button burning there,
And yonder severed head that ghastly grins;
Old hillside tombs, where mourners still repair;
Innumerous bustle, immemorial calm, —
And this is China!

Richard Henry Stoddard.

CHINESE SONGS.

I.

UP in an old pagoda's highest tower
I sat, and watched the falling shades of eve.

Long curls of smoke, and sounds of distant lutes
As faint as smoke, spread through the lonely wood.

The evening wind blew over the cool stream,
Troubling the pallid pin-flowers on its bank;

And where the autumnal hills were thickly strewn
With faded, fallen leaves, the hoar-frost fell.

Naught could I see in all that cloudless sky,
Except the wild goose flying to the South.

Hearkening in bright moonshine I heard the sound
Of distant villagers beating out their rice.

Then, thinking of the friend, whose absent face,
The long year through, not once has brightened mine,

I sought the window shaded o'er with pines,
And struck the strings of my melodious lute.

II.

What time my husband went to banishment,
I followed to the foot of yonder bridge;
I bore my grief, but could not say, "Farewell!"

Ah! why have you not written me, my love?
Our couch, remember, even in spring is cold.
The staircase that you built has crumbled down,
And dust has soiled the windows, and white curtains.

My mind is sore perplexed; I would I were
The shadow of the moon upon the sea,—
The cloud that floats above the lofty hills.

The careless clouds behold my husband's face,
And she, the sea-moon, in her monthly round;—
They know the man a thousand leagues away.

The tall green rushes by the river's side
Have faded, since we parted; but the plum—
Who would have thought before we met again
The plum-tree would have blossomed, o'er and o'er?

The flowers unfold themselves to meet the spring;
Our hearts unfold in vain, no spring is ours.
My thoughts are busied so with your return
The willow at the door droops to the ground,
And no one sweeps away its fallen leaves.

The grass before the house grows thick and rank;
My husband's flute hangs idly in the hall;
He sings no more the songs of Keang-nan.

Because no letter comes to me, my lord,
My silver dress, that on my pillow lies,
Is dyed with tears, and tears have spoiled the flowers
Broidered in gold upon my satin robe.

Thrice have I heard in spring the wild-fowl's cry,
Crossing the swollen stream. I sing old songs;
My heart-strings seem to break upon the lute;
I faint with love and grief; grief ends my song.

Forget not, O my lord, your own true wife,
Your wife, whose love is firmer than the hills,
Whose thoughts are filled with you. She weaves this song
To win the gracious ear of Majesty.
O Son of Heaven! let him return, and soon!

III.

1.

MOULAN is weaving at her cottage door.
You cannot hear the weaving shuttles fly,
You only hear the young girl sigh and moan.

"What are you thinking of? why do you moan?"
The young girl thinks of nothing, yet she moans.

"I saw the army record yesterday;
The Emperor is levying troops again;
The book has twelve long chapters, and in each
I saw enrolled my honored father's name.

"What can be done to save the poor old man?
Thou hast no grandson, father; no, not one.
Thou hast no elder brother, O Moulan!
What shall I do? I will arise, and go,
And buy a horse and saddle. I will go,
And serve and fight in my dear father's stead."

She buys a swift horse at the eastern market, —
A saddle and a horse-cloth at the western,
And at the southern a long horseman's whip.
When morning comes she smiles and says, "Farewell,
Father and mother." She will pass the night
Beside the Yellow River. She hears no more
Father or mother calling for their child;
The hollow murmur of the Yellow River
Is all she hears. Another morning comes;
She starts again, and bids the stream farewell.
She journeys on, and when the evening comes
She reaches the Black River. She hears no more
Father or mother sighing for their child;
She hears the savage horsemen of Yen Shen.

2.

"Where have you been, Moulan, these twelve long years?"
"We marched and fought our way ten thousand miles.
Swift as a bird I cleared the gulfs and hills.
The north-wind brought the night bell to my ear;
The moonlight fell upon my iron mail.

"Twelve years are passed. We meet the Emperor
When we return; he sits upon his throne.
He gives this man a badge of honor, that
An hundred or a thousand silver ounces.
'And what shall he give me?' And I reply:
'Nor wealth, nor office; only lend Moulan —
She asks no more — a camel, fleet of foot,
To lead her to her honored father's roof.'"

Soon as the father and the mother learn
Moulan's return, they haste to meet their child;
Soon as the younger sisters see them go,
They leave the chamber in their best attire;
Soon as the brave young brother hears the news,
He straightway whets a knife to kill a sheep.

"My mother takes my warrior's armor off,
And clothes me in my woman's garb again:
My younger sisters, standing by the door,
Are twining golden flowers in their hair."

Then Moulan left the room, and went to meet
Her fellow-soldiers, who were much amazed; —
For twelve long years she marched and fought with them,
And yet they guessed not Moulan was a girl.

IV.

We started when the clarion of the cock
Was ceasing, and the first thin curl of smoke

Rose from the village; not a withered leaf
Waved in the frozen forest, and no bird
Sang there, but flocks were lighting on the plain:
In vain they pecked for food, the barren plain
Bore naught but rotten grass; frost hid the roots;
So back they hastened to their empty nests.

The gray-haired village farmer, up at dawn
To fondle his grandchildren, hears the shout,
"A Mandarin is passing!" Staff in hand
He gazes, leaning on his matted door.
West of his house we see great stacks of straw,
And in the east the golden beams of day;
His thick warm garments, and his ruddy face,
Are signs of plenty, and, I shrewdly guess,
That somewhere in his house could still be found
One measure more of rice, stowed in the bin.

V.

Millions of flowers are blowing in the fields;—
On the blue river's brink the peony
Burns red, and where doves coo the lute is heard,
And hoarse black crows caw to the eastern wind.

Under the plane-tree in the shaded grove,
Screened from the light and heat, the idler sits,
Brooding above his chess-board all day long
Nor marks, so deep his dream, how fast the sun
Descends at evening to its western house.

When autumn comes men close their doors and read,
Or at the window loll to catch the breeze
Freighted with fragrance from the cinnamon.

The snow is falling on the balustrade,
Like dying petals, and the icicle
Hangs like a gem; all crowd around the fire:
Rich men now drink their wine with merry hearts,
And sing old songs, nor heed the blast without.

VI.

East, or west, to the pastures,
We lead our herds at ease;
Having no master to goad us,
We spend the time as we please.

In the green bamboos together
We cut our reeds, and play;
Or sit in the long grass patching
Our cloaks for a rainy day.

Or twist the ropes of the heifers,
And make them stout and long, —
Tuning our merry voices
To sing the herdsman's song.

We point at the restless miser,
And laugh in his face with glee:
"Your legs are mighty travellers!
What can the matter be?

"Ride who will on horseback,
The cow is sure and strong."
Thus, by the springs in the coppice,
We sing the herdsman's song.

VII.

Before the scream o' the hawk
The timid swallow flies;
And the lake unrolled in the distance
Like a silver carpet lies!

The light that sleeps i' the air
Like the breath of flowers is sweet;
The very dust is balmy
Under the horses' feet!

We sit in the tennis court,
Where the beautiful sunlight falls;
The mountains crossed by bridges
Come down to the city walls.

The houses are hid in flowers,
Buried in bloomy trees;
But under the veils of the willows
Are glimpses of cottages.

What makes the wind so sweet?
Is it the breath of June?
'T is the jasper flute in the pear-tree,
Playing a silent tune!

VIII.

The dark and rainy weather
That now has ta'en its flight
Has made the sunshine brighter,
And filled our hearts with light.

The groves are full of song-birds,
And troops of butterflies
Are hovering o'er the peach-trees,
Like blossoms of the skies.

The flowers that have not faded,
But to the boughs still cling,
Are hanging every garden
With tapestries of spring.

And see, the happy students
Have met by scores to dine
Beneath the willow branches,
And drain the cups of wine!

IX.

The grove is crowned with hoar-frost,
And clothed in robes of snow;
But buds of tender purple
On all the branches blow.

They rain upon the river,
As winds go sweeping by,

Redden the waves a moment,
And then, like torches, die!

At the foot of yonder gallery
I see a beauteous girl;
She has a thousand garments
Of satin and of pearl!

The blossoms blush to meet her;—
It is the maiden Spring,
For hark! among the branches
I hear the cuckoo sing!

X.

I HEAR the sacred swan
In its river island sing;
I see the modest maiden,
A consort for a king!

The tendrils of the Hang
Are green and white below,
Along the running waters
Swaying to and fro.

The king has sought the maid,
His passion is so strong:
And day and night he murmurs,
"How long, alas! how long!"

He turns him on his bed,
He tosses in his woe;

His thoughts are like the Hang plants,
  Swaying to and fro!

Again I hear the swan
  In a palace garden sing;
Again I see the maiden,
  The consort of the king.

The king is happy now,
  For see! the maiden comes,
And hark! the bells are ringing,
  And hark! the noise of drums!

Richard Henry Stoddard.

CHINESE EMPIRE.

Kin.

THE MUSIC-LESSON OF CONFUCIUS.

THE music-lesson of Koung-tseu the wise,
Known as Confucius in the Western world.

Of all the sages of the Flowery Land
None knew so well as great Confucius
The ancient rites; and when his mother died,
Three years he mourned alone beside her tomb,
As the old custom bade, nor did he miss
A single detail of the dark old forms
Required of the bereaved, for he had made
Himself a model for all living men:
A mirror and a pattern of the past.

Now when the years of mourning with their rites
Were at an end, Confucius came forth
And wandered as of old with other men,
Giving his counsel unto many kings;

But still the hand of grief was on his heart,
And his dark hue set forth his darkened hours.
To drive away these sorrows from his soul,
Remembering that music had been made
A moral motive in the golden books
Of wisdom by the sacred ancestors,
He played upon the Kin, — the curious lute
Invented by Fou-Hi in days of old;
Fou-Hi of the bull's head and dragon's form,
The Lord of Learning who upraised mankind
From being silent brutes to singing men.

In vain Confucius played upon the lute;
He found that music would not be to him
What it had been of old, — a pastime gay:
For he had borne through three long years of grief
Stupendous knowledge, and his mighty soul,
Grasping the lines which link all earthly lore,
Had been by suffering raised to greater power;
For he who knows and suffers, if he will
May raise himself unnumbered scales o'er man.

The music spoke no more its wonted sounds,
But whispered mysteries in a broken tongue
Which urged him sorely. Then Confucius said:
"O secret Music! sacred tongue of God!
I hear thee calling to me, and I come!
Of old I did but know thy outer form,
And dreamed not of the spirit hid within;
The Goddess in the Lotos. Yes, I come,
And will not rest, nor will I calm my doubt,

Till I have seen thee plainly with mine eyes,
And palpably have touched thee with my hand,
Then shall I know thee, — raised to life for me
For what thou truly art.
Lo! I have heard
That in the land of Kin a master lives,
So deeply skilled in music, that mankind
Begin again to give a glowing faith
Unto the golden stories which are told
Of the strange harmonies which built the world,
And of the melody whose key is God.
Now I will travel to the land of Kin,
And know this sage of music, great Siang,
And learn the secret lore which hides within
All sweet well-ordered sounds." He went his way,
Nor rested till he stood before the man.

Thus spoke Siang unto Confucius:
"Of all the arts, great Music is the art
To raise the soul above all earthly storms;
For in it lies that purest harmony
Which lifts us over self and up to God.
Thou who hast studied deeply the Koua —
The eight great symbols of created things —
Knowest the sacred power of the line
Which when unbroken flies to all the worlds
As light unending, — but in broken forms
Falls short as sky and earth, clouds, winds, and fire,
The deep blue ocean and the mountain high,
And the red lightning hissing in the wave.
The mighty law which formed what thou canst see,

As clearly lives in all that thou canst hear,
And more than this, in all that thou canst feel.
Here, take thy lute in hand. I teach the air
Made by the sage Wen Wang of ancient days."

Confucius took the lute and played the air
Till all his soul seemed passing into song;
Then he fell deep into the solemn chords
As though his body and the lute were one,
And every chord a wave which bore him on
Through the great sea of ecstasy. His hands
Then ceased to play, — but in his raptured look
They saw him following out the harmony.

Five days went by, and still Confucius
Played all day long the ancient simple air;
And when Siang would teach him more, he said:
"Not yet, my master, I would seize the thought,
The subtle thought which hides within the tune."
To which the master answered: "It is well.
Take five days more!" And when the time was passed
Unto Siang thus spoke Confucius:
"I do begin to see, — yet what I see
Is very dim. I am as one who looks
And nothing sees except a luminous cloud:
Give me but five more days, and at the end
If I have not attained the great idea
Hidden of old within the melody,
I will leave music as beyond my power."
"Do as thou wilt, O pupil!" cried Siang
In deepest admiration; "never yet
Had I a scholar who was like to thee."

And on the fifteenth day Confucius rose
And stood before Siang, and cried aloud:
"The mist which shadowed me is blown away,
I am as one who stands upon a cliff
And gazes far and wide upon the world,
For I have mastered every secret thought,
Yea, every shadow of a feeling dim
Which flitted through the spirit of Wen Wang
When he composed that air. I speak to him,
I hear him clearly answer me again;
And more than that, I see his very form:
A man of middle stature, with a hue
Half blended with the dark and with the fair;
His features long, and large sweet eyes which beam
With great benevolence, — a noble face!
His voice is deep and full, and all his air
Inspires a sense of virtue and of love.
I know that I behold the very man,
The sage of ancient days, Wen Wang the just."

Then good Siang lay down upon the dust,
And said: "Thou art my master. Even thus
The ancient legend, known to none but me,
Describes our first great sire. And thou hast seen
That which I never yet myself beheld,
Though I have played the sacred song for years,
Striving with all my soul to penetrate
Its mystery unto the master's form,
Whilst thou hast reached it at a single bound: —
Henceforth the gods alone can teach thee tune."

Charles Godfrey Leland.

King-te-tching.

CHINA WARE.

O'ER desert sands, o'er gulf and bay,
O'er Ganges and o'er Himalay,
Bird-like I fly, and flying sing,
To flowery kingdoms of Cathay,
And bird-like poise on balanced wing
Above the town of King-te-tching,
A burning town, or seeming so, —
Three thousand furnaces that glow
Incessantly, and fill the air
With smoke uprising, gyre on gyre,
And painted by the lurid glare,
Of jets and flashes of red fire.

As leaves that in the autumn fall,
Spotted and veined with various hues,
Are swept along the avenues,
And lie in heaps by hedge and wall
So from this grove of chimneys whirled
To all the markets of the world,
These porcelain leaves are wafted on, —
Light yellow leaves with spots and stains
Of violet and of crimson dye,
Or tender azure of a sky
Just washed by gentle April rains,
And beautiful with celadon.

Nor less the coarser household wares, —
The willow pattern, that we knew
In childhood, with its bridge of blue
Leading to unknown thoroughfares;
The solitary man who stares
At the white river flowing through
Its arches, the fantastic trees
And wild perspective of the view;
And intermingled among these
The tiles that in our nurseries
Filled us with wonder and delight,
Or haunted us in dreams at night.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Macao, the Island.

THE GROTTO OF CAMOENS.

HIGH-FAVORED grot! that on the jutting verge
Of Old Cathay, in shades sequestered, placed,
Saw with the poet's form thy pavement graced,
Studious his lyre to epic heights to urge.
This be thy fame, — not that the wreath which age
Weaves for thy region with mysterious hands;
Nor yet the achievements of the daring bands,
Whose glory blazed, unrivalled, on the stage.
Veiled is her pride! their sun is set in shame!
But oft the pilgrim to his cell shall stray,

Still find the poet living in his lay,
While taste and genius glow at Camoens' name.
Still, with thy votary, strew the sill with flowers,
Their lot far happier own, but ah! less blest their powers!

Eyles Irwin.

Mecon, the River.

THE RIVER MECON.

Don Constantine de Braganza was now viceroy of India, and Camoens, desirous to return to Goa, resigned his charge. In a ship freighted by himself he set sail, but was shipwrecked in the gulf near the mouth of the river Mecon, in Cochin-China. All he had acquired was lost in the waves: his poems, which he held in one hand, while he saved himself with the other, were all he found himself possessed of when he stood friendless on the unknown shore.

CAMBOYA there the blue-tinged Mecon laves,
Mecon the eastern Nile, whose swelling waves,
Captain of rivers named, o'er many a clime
In annual period pour their fattening slime.
The simple natives of these lawns believe
That other worlds the souls of beasts receive;
Where the fierce murderer wolf, to pains decreed,
Sees the mild lamb enjoy the heavenly mead.
O gentle Mecon, on thy friendly shore,
Long shall the Muse her sweetest offerings pour!
When tyrants ire-chafed by the blended lust
Of pride outrageous, and revenge unjust,
Shall on the guiltless exile burst their rage,
And maddening tempests on their side engage,

Preserved by heaven the song of Lusian fame,
The song, O Vasco, sacred to thy name,
Wet from the whelming surge shall triumph o'er
The fate of shipwreck on the Mecon's shore,
Here rest secure as on the Muse's breast!
Happy the deathless song, the bard, alas, unblest!

Luis de Camoens. Tr. W. J. Mickle.

Nankin.

THE PORCELAIN TOWER.

And yonder by Nankin, behold!
The Tower of Porcelain, strange and old,
Uplifting to the astonished skies
Its ninefold painted balconies,
With balustrades of twining leaves,
And roofs of tile, beneath whose eaves
Hang porcelain bells that all the time
Ring with a soft, melodious chime;
While the whole fabric is ablaze
With varied tints, all fused in one
Great mass of color, like a maze
Of flowers illumined by the sun.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Pekin.

KAMBALU.

INTO the city of Kambalu,
By the road that leadeth to Ispahan,
At the head of his dusty caravan,
Laden with treasure from realms afar,
Baldacca and Kelat and Kandahar,
Rode the great captain Alau.

The Khan from his palace-window gazed,
And saw in the thronging street beneath,
In the light of the setting sun, that blazed
Through the clouds of dust by the caravan raised,
The flash of harness and jewelled sheath,
And the shining scimitars of the guard,
And the weary camels that bared their teeth,
As they passed and passed through the gates unbarred
Into the shade of the palace-yard.

Thus into the city of Kambalu
Rode the great captain Alau;
And he stood before the Khan, and said:
"The enemies of my lord are dead;
All the Kalifs of all the West
Bow and obey thy least behest;
The plains are dark with the mulberry-trees,
The weavers are busy in Samarcand,
The miners are sifting the golden sand,

The divers plunging for pearls in the seas,
And peace and plenty are in the land.

"Baldacca's Kalif, and he alone,
Rose in revolt against thy throne:
His treasures are at thy palace-door,
With the swords and the shawls and the jewels he wore;
His body in dust o'er the desert blown.

"A mile outside of Baldacca's gate
I left my forces to lie in wait,
Concealed by forests and hillocks of sand,
And forward dashed with a handful of men,
To lure the old tiger from his den
Into the ambush I had planned.
Ere we reached the town the alarm was spread,
For we heard the sound of gongs from within;
And with clash of cymbals and warlike din
The gates swung wide; and we turned and fled;
And the garrison sallied forth and pursued,
With the gray old Kalif at their head,
And above them the banner of Mohammed:
So we snared them all, and the town was subdued.

"As in at the gate we rode, behold,
A tower that is called the Tower of Gold!
For there the Kalif had hidden his wealth,
Heaped and hoarded and piled on high,
Like sacks of wheat in a granary;
And thither the miser crept by stealth
To feel of the gold that gave him health,

And to gaze and gloat with his hungry eye
On jewels that gleamed like a glow-worm's spark,
Or the eyes of a panther in the dark.

"I said to the Kalif: 'Thou art old,
Thou hast no need of so much gold.
Thou shouldst not have heaped and hidden it here,
Till the breath of battle was hot and near,
But have sown through the land these useless hoards
To spring into shining blades of swords,
And keep thine honor sweet and clear.
These grains of gold are not grains of wheat;
These bars of silver thou canst not eat;
These jewels and pearls and precious stones
Cannot cure the aches in thy bones,
Nor keep the feet of Death one hour
From climbing the stairways of thy tower!'

"Then into his dungeon I locked the drone,
And left him to feed there all alone
In the honey-cells of his golden hive:
Never a prayer, nor a cry, nor a groan
Was heard from those massive walls of stone,
Nor again was the Kalif seen alive!

"When at last we unlocked the door,
We found him dead upon the floor;
The rings have dropped from his withered hands,
His teeth were like bones in the desert sands:
Still clutching his treasure he had died;
And as he lay there, he appeared

A statue of gold with a silver beard,
His arms outstretched as if crucified."

This is the story, strange and true,
That the great captain Alau
Told to his brother the Tartar Khan,
When he rode that day into Kambalu
By the road that leadeth to Ispahan.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

IN A MOUNTAIN PASS WEST OF PEKIN.

WITHIN these granite gates, at God's command,
The oldest of the continents grows young
With the verdure of ten thousand summers flung
Across her rugged peaks. From Samarcand
Down to the groves on Niphon's sunny strand,
No richer veil of beauty ever hung
On mountains built of primal rock. Though sung
By Grecian bards, the glory of this land
Would be too faintly shown. But now as light,
All joyous from the heart of dewy night,
Pours down the hills and floods the meadow lawn,
The wondrous revelation comes to those
Who reverent wait beneath the opening dawn,
As angels waited when creation rose.

John T. Gulick.

Sarra.

CAMBUS KHAN.

AT Sarra, in the land of Tartary,
There dwelt a king, and with the Russ warred he,
Through which there perished many a doughty man;
And Cambus was he called, the noble Khan.
Nowhere, in all that region, had a crown
Been ever worn with such entire renown.
Hardy he was, and true, and rich, and wise,
Always the same; serene of soul and eyes;
Piteous and just, benign and honorable,
Of his brave heart as any centre stable;
And therewithal he ever kept a state
So fit to uphold a throne so fortunate,
That there was nowhere such another man.

This noble king, this Tartar, Cambus Khan,
Had by the late Queen Elfeta, his wife,
Two sons, named Cambalu and Algarsife,
And a dear daughter, Canace by name,
Whose perfect beauty puts my pen to shame.
If you could see my heart, it were a glass
To show perhaps how fair a thing she was;
But when I speak of her, my tongue appears
To fail me, looking in that face of hers.
'T is well for me that I regard not those,

Who love what I do, as my natural foes;
Or when I think how dear she is to be
To one that will adorn this history,
And how her heart will love him in return,
My paper, sooner than be touched, should burn:
But she knows nothing of all this at present,
She 's only young, and innocent, and pleasant;
And sometimes by her father sits and sighs,
On which he stoops to kiss her gentle-lidded eyes.

And so befell, that when this Khan supreme
Had twenty winters borne his diadem,
He bade the feast of his nativity
Be cried through Sarra, as 't was wont to be.
It was in March; and the young lusty year
Came in with such a flood of golden cheer,
That the quick birds, against the sunny sheen,
What for the season and the thickening green,
Sung their affections loudly o'er the fields:
They seemed to feel that they had got them shields
Against the sword of winter, keen and cold.

High is the feast in Sarra, that they hold:
And Cambus, with his royal vestments on,
Sits at a separate table on a throne;
His sons a little lower on the right;
His daughter on the left, a gentle sight;
And then his peers, apart from either wall,
Ranged in majestic drapery down the hall.
The galleries on two sides have crowded slants
Full as flower-shows, of ladies and gallants;

And o'er the doorway opposite the king,
The proud musicians blow their shawms and sing.

But to relate the whole of the array
Would keep me from my tale a summer's day;
And so I pass the service and the cost,
The often-silenced noise, the lofty toast,
And the glad-symphonies that leaped to thank
The lustre-giving Lord, whene'er he drank.
Suffice to say, that after the third course
His vassals, while the sprightly wine 's in force,
And the proud music mingles over all,
Bring forth their gifts, and set them in the hall;
And so befell, that when the last was set,
And while the king sat thus in his estate,
Hearing his minstrels playing from on high
Before him at his board deliciously,
All on a sudden, ere he was aware,
Through the hall door, and the mute wonder there,
There came a stranger on a steed of brass,
And in his hand he held a looking-glass;
Some sparkling ring he wore; and by his side,
Without a sheath, a cutting sword was tied;
And up he rides unto the royal board:
In all the hall there was not spoke a word;
All wait with busy looks, both young and old,
To hear what wondrous thing they shall be told.

The stranger, who appeared a noble page,
High-bred, and of some twenty years of age,

Dismounted from his horse; and kneeling down,
Bowed low before the face that wore the crown:
Then rose, and reverenced lady, lords, and all,
In order as they sat within the hall,
With such observance, both in speech and air,
That certainly, had Kubla's self been there,
Or sage Confucius, with his courtesy,
Returned to earth to show what men should be,
He could not have improved a single thing;
Then turning lastly to address the king,
Once more, but lightlier than at first, he bowed,
And in a manly voice thus spoke aloud: —

"May the great Cambus to his slave be kind!
My lord, the King of Araby and Ind,
In honor of your feast, this solemn day,
Salutes you in the manner he best may,
And sends you, by a page whom he holds dear,
(His happy but his humble messenger)
This steed of brass; which, in a day and night,
Through the dark half as safely as the light,
O'er sea and land, and with your perfect ease,
Can bear your body wheresoe'er you please.
It matters not if skies be foul or fair;
The thing is like a thought, and cuts the air
So smoothly, and so well observes the track,
The man that will may sleep upon his back.
All that the rider needs, when he would turn,
Or rise, or take him downwards, you may learn,
If it so please you, when we speak within,
And does but take the writhing of a pin.

"This glass too, which I hold, such is its power,
That if, by any chance, an evil hour
Befell your empire or yourself, 't would show
What men you ought to know of, friend or foe;
And more than this, if any lady's heart
Be set on one that plays her an ill part,
Or is in aught beneath her love and her,
Here she may see his real character,
All his new loves, and all his old pursuits:
His heart shall all be shown her, to the roots.

"Therefore, my lord, with your good leave, this glass,
And this green ring, the greenest ever was,
My master, with his greeting, hopes may be
Your excellent daughter's here, my lady Canace.

"The virtues of the ring, my lord, are these —
That if a lady loves the flowers and trees,
And birds, and all fair Nature's ministers,
And if she bear this gem within her purse,
Or on her hand, like any other ring,
There 's not a fowl that goes upon the wing,
But she shall understand his speech or strain,
And in his own tongue answer him again.
All plants that gardens or that fields produce,
She shall be also skilled in, and their use,
Whether for sweetness or for stanching wounds:
No secret shall she miss, that smiles in balmy grounds.

"Lastly, my lord, this sword has such a might,
That let it meet the veriest fiend in fight,

'T will carve throughout his armor the first stroke,
Were it as thick as any branchéd oak;
Nor could the wound be better for the care
Of all the hands and skills that ever were;
And yet, should it so please you, of your grace,
To pass the flat side on the wounded place,
Though it were ready to let out his soul,
The flesh should close again, the man be whole.

"O heart of hearts! that nobody shall break!
Pardon me, sir, that thus my leave I take
E'en of a sword, and like a lover grieve,
But its own self, unbidden, will not leave
The hand that wields it, though it smote a block
The dullest in the land, or dashed a rock;
And this my master hopes may also be
Acceptable to Tartary's majesty,
With favor for himself, and pardon, sir, for me."

The Khan, who listened with a gracious eye,
Smiled as he stopped, and made a due reply,
Thanking the king, his brother, for the great,
Not gifts, but glories, added to his state,
And saying how it pleased him to have known
So young an honor to his neighbor's throne.
The youth then gave the proper officers
The gifts; who, midst the music's bursting airs,
Laid them before the king and Canace,
There as they sate, each in their high degree:
But nothing that they did could move the horse;
Boys might as well have tried their little force

Upon a giant with his armor on:
The brazen thing stood still as any stone.
The stranger hastened to relieve their doubt,
And touched his neck, and led him softly out;
And 't was a wonder and a joy to see
How well he went, he stepped so tenderly.

Great was the press that from all quarters came
To gaze upon this horse of sudden fame;
And many were the struggles to get close,
And touch the mane to try if it hung loose,
Or pat it on the shining flanks, or feel
The muscles in the neck that sternly swell;
But the Khan's officers forbade, and fear
E'en of the horse conspired to keep the circle clear.

High was the creature built, both broad and long,
And with a true proportion to be strong;
And yet so horsely and so quick of eye,
As if it were a steed of Araby;
So that from tail to ear there was no part
Nature herself could better, much less art;
Only the people dreaded to perceive
How cold it was, although it seemed alive;
And on all sides the constant wonder was
How it could move, and yet was plainly brass.

* * *

The dinner done, Cambus arose; and all
Stood up, prepared to follow from the hall:
On either side they bend beneath his eye:

Before him goeth the loud minstrelsy;
And thus they pace into a noble room,
Where dance and song were waiting till they come
With throng of waxen lights that shed a thin perfume.
But first the king and his young visitor
Go where the horse was put, and close the door;
And there the Khan learns all about the pin,
And how the horse is hastened or held in,
And turned, and made to rise or to descend,
And all by a mere thumb and finger's end.
The stranger further tells him of a word,
By which the horse, the instant it is heard,
Vanishes with his sparkling shape, like light,
And comes again, whether it be day or night.
"And, sir," said he, "my master bade me say
The first time I was honored in this way,
(For on the throne you might prefer, he said,
To wave such plain confessions from crowned head)
That one like you were fitter far than he
To ride the elements like a deity,
And with a speed proportioned to your will
Shine on the good and fall upon the ill;
For he, too sensual and too satisfied
With what small good lay near him, like a bride,
Was ever but a common king; but you
A king, and a reforming conqueror, too."

Glad is great Cambus, both at this discourse,
And to be master of so strange a horse,
And longs to mount at once, and go and see
His highest mountain-tops in Tartary,

Or look upon the Caspian, or appear
Suddenly in Cathay, a starry fear.

* * *

So issuing forth, he led into the air,
Saluting the sweet moon which met him there,
And forth the steed was brought; you would have said,
It knew for what, so easily 't was led,
And leant with such an air its lively head.
But when at rest, still as before it stood,
As though its legs had to the ground been glued.
Some urged it on, some dragged, and some would fain
Have made it lift a foot, but all in vain.
And yet when Cambus whispered it, a thrill
Flashed through its limbs, nor could its feet be still,
But rocked the body with a sprightly grace,
As though it yearned aloft, and weighed it for the race.

The youth had talked of armor like an oak,
And how the sword would joint it with a stroke.
The Khan had no convenient foe at hand,
To see what sort of carving he could stand,
But in the moon there stood some oaken trees,
And suddenly he struck at one of these:
Back, like a giant, fell its towering size,
And let the light on his victorious eyes.
The blow was clearly the sword's own, and yet
The Khan, as if inspired, felt proud of it,
And leaping on the horse as suddenly,
He touched the pin, and bade the fair good by,
And midst their pretty shrieks, went mounting to the sky.

Cambus ascended such a height so soon,
It seemed as if he meant to reach the moon;
And you might know by a tremendous shout,
That not a soul in Sarra but looked out;
But the fierce noise made some of them afraid,
That it might startle e'en a brazen head,
And threatening looks were turned upon the youth,
Who glowed and said, "By all the faith and truth
That is, or can be, in the heart of man,
Nothing can happen to the noble Khan:
See, he returns!" And at the word, indeed,
They saw returning the descending steed;
Not round and round, careering; but at once;
Oblique and to the point, a fervid pounce.
For to say truth, the noble Khan himself,
Though he had fought on many a mountain shelf,
And drooped through deserts, and been drenched in seas,
Felt somewhat strange in that great emptiness,
And was not sorry to relieve his court
By cutting his return some fathom short:
Such awful looks has utter novelty
To dash, and to confuse the boldest eye.

The Khan returned, they hasten all again
To their warm room, but do not long remain:
For late and long and highly wrought delight
Cannot, at will, resume its giddy height;
And so, his story told, and praises spread
From mouth to mouth, he waved his court to bed;
Yet still in bed, and dozing oft between,
Their fading words recalled what they had seen:

Still of the ring they mumbled, and the glass,
And what amazing things might come to pass:
And when they slept (for suppers produce dreams,
And joined with dinners, mount them to extremes)
A hundred vapor-headed souls that night
Went riding their own brass with all their might:
They skim, they dive, they shoot about, they soar,
They say, "Why rode I not this way before?
Strange! not to think of such a perfect goer!
What leg that crosses brass would stoop to horse-flesh more?"

Chaucer modernized by Leigh Hunt.

Xanadu.

XANADU.

IN Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round;
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But, O, that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced;
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:
And mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!
A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw;
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.

Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 't would win me
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

JAPAN.

INTRODUCTORY.

ODE TO THE MIKADO OF JAPAN.

I.

FIRST of thy race, — first of thy nation's Kings!
Who see'st and weigh'st the world by reason's light,
Not judging by old Custom's sight,
But by the rolling tide of men and things, —
Thou mayst sow broadcast o'er thy brilliant land
New thoughts and hopes as glowing as thy own,
Burying grim Idols in thy deep sea-sand,
That men may kneel at shrines from slavery won.
Those slaveries of soul, designed
By the close-veiled mysterious power
Which priestcraft bred for thee, and all,
By thine own sceptre fall!
Their depths thy piercing brain hath countermined,
The fabric sinks in one black thunder-shower,
And Life's expanding wings flame up behind!

II.

The mind of man,
Once opened, claims a boundless span;
Thou canst no more
Contract its shore
Than make a flood-tide ebb at thy command.
Take then thy stand
On Nature's constant love and youth,
Her heart and truth,
And thy resolve to search and weigh
All creeds that ferment 'neath this pregnant day,
Then choose the loftiest, — hold thou fast,
And thy rare-flowered crown shall ever last
In star-like record when its bloom hath passed!

III.

There was a Dome, like midnight
Lit up by blood-red lightning!
And deep within
A demon din,
With many a sight
Of ghastly horror whitening
Faces and forms, e'en while the flames were brightening!
The screams of those wild massacres
Long echoed down the shuddering years;
And yet we know the selfsame creed
For which those proselyting martyrs died,
Hath caused unnumbered victims thus to bleed
Before its symbols deified!
O, Great Creative Spirit!
Can man inherit

Thine image, yet disgrace it,—
Distort and half erase it,
Till Nature scarce can trace it,
While to such night-dreams, crowd on crowd,
Sheep, swine, and sages
Pray secretly, or fierce and loud,
Blasting a land for ages!

IV.

Heaped clouds at noon!
Night's high festoon!
The piled-up books of the Tycoon
Were like the mountains of the Moon!
Glorious to dream of,—but to climb
Impossible, or to divine,
Grow grapes on, olives, or to mine,
Or put to any use of human time;
But thou, Mikado, thou hast spoken
A new word,—and all locks are broken!
The gates gape wide,
The rising tide
Brings minds of every nation side by side;
And secrets deep as Southern skies,
In chronicles, porcelain, metals, woods, silks, dyes,
Steel, ivory, garden-beds, and lies
Of mortal Pagods, meet all eyes!

V.

Deal with us, and believe that we
Deal honestly;

Be friendly, as you find us friends, —
Each having his own ends,
Frankly and openly!
Beware of Hell-born War!
Earth's branding scar
Through History!
Degrading man the beast beneath,
Who wars but from necessity,
And builds no Glory on his fellows' death!

VI.

Wise Sovereign! who hath sent from dazzling seas
Thy Envoys to far-distant shores,
Be thou not dazzled by the swarming bees,
Their human hives and stores, —
Their armies, ships, magnificence, —
Nor by each fine court-eloquence
But note what hath been won
Midst a few sands, called years,
From Earth's inexhaustible wonders! from the Sun!
From man's soul-swaddling fears!
To know what can be known, while yearning still,
By Intellect and Science and the Will,
Up towards the visioned footstool of God's throne!

VII.

Mikado! be not sudden to conceive
Love, hatred, or indifference,
But each illuminated tome receive,
Which Europe old, or young America,

Before thee proudly may lay bare, —
Cross-questioning each by generous Common-sense;
As one who searching many a beach
Selects and stores the best from each.
Thus act, and in futurity
Thy country's rational idol thou wilt be;
The ancient splendors of Japan
Will dwindle to a painted fan,
And the rich flowers of all her Kings,
Beside thy fruits, be childish things!

Richard Hengest Horne.

THE SAILING OF FRANCIS XAVIER.

WHEN to Japan, the far distant,
Thought this man of God to go,
All assailed him with persistent
Words of warning and of woe.
Wind and weather, seas and surges,
Painted they before his eyes;
Each some misadventure urges,
Each some peril prophesies.

Silence! Speak not of the bitter
Tempest, nor of winds and seas,
Never Hero yet, nor Ritter,
Cared for such child-play as these.
Let the wind blow and the weather;
Flame of love by blowing grows;

Let the billows rage together;
Straight to heaven the billow goes.

Hey, then, leave the vain endeavor
To affright my soul with dread,
Soldier's heart, or Martyr's, never
Either powder feared or lead.
Spear and shaft and naked glaive or
Cannon, pistol, powder, all
Only make the soldier braver,
To the prize of honor call.

Let the wind and weather wrangling
Whet their horns in revel rout;
Let the billows growling, jangling,
Toss the shattered wrecks about!
On the briny field may riot
North and South and East and West,
He whose heart within is quiet
Never can be robbed of rest.

Who would not the sea confronting
Cross its thousand waves content,
If with bow and arrows hunting
Many thousand souls he went?
Who at any wind would tremble
Or its dripping pinions fear,
If he could but souls assemble;
Souls, beyond all measure dear?

Ho, ye billows strong and stately!
Ho, thou strong and lordly wind!

Never will I bow sedately;
To withstand you is my mind!
Souls, yes, souls I must have! Straightway
Saddle me my wooden steed;
We must from the harbor's gateway
Gallop o'er the waves with speed.

Friedrich Spee. Tr. Anon.

JAPAN.

THESE shores forsake, to future ages due:
A world of islands claims thy happier view,
Where lavish Nature all her bounty pours,
And flowers and fruits of every fragrance showers.
Japan behold; beneath the globe's broad face
Northward she sinks, the nether seas embrace
Her eastern bounds; what glorious fruitage there,
Illustrious Gama, shall thy labors bear!
How bright a silver mine! when heaven's own lore
From Pagan dross shall purify her ore.

Luis de Camoens. Tr. W. J. Mickle.

JAPAN.

CRADLED and rocked in Eastern seas,
The islands of the Japanese
Beneath me lie; o'er lake and plain
The stork, the heron, and the crane
Through the clear realms of azure drift,

And on the hillside I can see
The villages of Imari,
Whose thronged and flaming workshops lift
Their twisted columns of smoke on high,
Cloud-cloisters that in ruins lie,
With sunshine streaming through each rift,
And broken arches of blue sky.

All the bright flowers that fill the land,
Ripple of waves on rock or sand,
The snow on Fujyama's cone,
The midnight heaven so thickly sown
With constellations of bright stars,
The leaves that rustle, the reeds that make
A whisper by each stream and lake,
The saffron dawn, the sunset red,
Are painted on these lovely jars;
Again the skylark sings, again
The stork, the heron, and the crane
Float through the azure overhead,
The counterfeit and counterpart
Of Nature reproduced in Art.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

JAPAN.

Amakagu, the Mountain.

AMAKAGU.

PIERCING the lofty sky,
Yonder Amakagu soars;
From whose brow the mists are lifting,
In the fulness of the spring;
Rustling mid the pines the wind
Ruffles yonder pool's smooth bosom,
And of every grove and thicket
Are the dark-massed shadows flecked
By the mountain-cherry's bloom;
While along the strand are heard
Shrilly cries of circling gulls,
Mingling with the whirring din
Of a flight of early wild-duck;
And there cometh o'er the waters,
In a rudderless frail bark,
Onwards drifting oarless urged,
In uncheered solitude,
Our Emperor's mighty heir.

From the Japanese. Tr. Anon.

Fujiyama, the Mountain.

FUJIYAMA.

HEAVEN above from earth below
Long ago the gods have parted,
Henceforth hiding far from men.
Round the hoary peak sublimely
Towering o'er Surúga's land,
Fuji's venerated mountain,
All the wide-arched azure sky
Though thou search with wistful gaze
Of the hastening sun's bright track,
Not a glimpse shalt thou enjoy;
Nor of gentlier beaming moon
Hail the shadow-fringing shimmer;
Fleecy clouds are hovering,
Hovering round the high bare summit,
Veiling it from mortal ken.
Hath thereon the white snow fallen?
Wouldst thou of the lofty gods
Know the annals, only Fuji
Can the secret story tell thee.

From the Japanese. Tr. Anon.

Niphon (Nippon), the Island.

NIPHON.

"After the separation of chaos into earth and heaven (an idea borrowed from China, and interwoven in the legend with the purely Japanese story) the god Izanagi and the goddess Izanami, descendants of the original primeval god, stood on the Bridge of Heaven, and with a staff made of coral stirred up the ocean lying far beneath. The drops of brine as they fell from the staff on its withdrawal congealed and became land, and thus was created the main island of Nippon, the other islands of the Japanese Empire being after-creations, concerning which various legends are extant." — *Westminster Review*, XXXVIII. 328.

HEAVEN above from earth below
Long ago the God hath parted.
Now aloft in the sky hath set
His divine abode, and now
In the realm of endless joy
Inly pondering muses he,
Walking in the world of dreams,
Viewing through the evening shades
Our Nippon's pleasant shores,
Leading in his dreamy vision
His divine twain offspring towards
Yon the hoariest of shrines,
And within the rock-hewn portal
Of their vast abode that ne'er
Hath the utter darkness known
Of primeval chaos deigning
Godlike symbols there to leave.

From the Japanese. Tr. Anon.

THE JOURNEY OF TONASE AND KONAMI FROM KAMAKURA TO YAMASHINA.

KONAMI.

WHO first on thee, O fleeting world,
Thy name bestowed, O Aska stream, I pray
Thee tell me who art onwards whirled
Mid shifting sandbanks, so changeful is the way
Of life to us from happ'ness hurled, —
A wavelet now hath touched thy well-known strand
Whom Yenya welcomed as the bride
Of his esquire who long had sought her hand,
Low-fallen with Yenya's fall her pride!
She was betrothed, and Kakogawa's child
Fond hope deep in her being bore,
But adverse Fortune ne'er upon her smiled,
No bridal gifts exchanged, no more
By lover sought, her soul is sad.

TONASE.

Peace, daughter, peace, thy mother bids thee haste
Towards Yamashina, where glad
By bridegroom thou shalt surely be embraced.
Alas! a bride-train thus forlorn
Hath never yet in all the world been known;
With doubt and grief my heart is torn,
Without attendant, mother and child alone,
On foot must urge their weary way,
And strive Yamato's far-off land to gain.

KONAMI.

My body 's white as snow, men say,
The chilly winds with crimson hue it stain
Such as the wild-plum's flower make gay,
My fingers all are sore benumbed with cold,
Apt name Kogoye Pass is thine:
O'er Satta's ridge our further way we hold,
Thence gazing back the curling line
All pensive watch of vaguely erring smoke
That issueth from Fuji's peak
And vanishing in the lofty sky is broke;
How sweet if 't were the bonfire's reek
At threshold lit my welcome home a bride,
How 't would our sadness charm away!
With pines o'ergrown Matsbara's plain so wide
Now traversed crowded in the way,
The sea-coast way, by some great Daimio's train,
I know not whose, how blithe and gay
They seem, ah! when shall we know joy again.

TONASE.

O would that Fortune smiling were
Upon us, proud thy bridal train should be:
Than thee, none happier, none more fair;
Now yonder may we Sur'ga's Fuchiu see,
The omen cheers thy mother's heart,
Her child shall yet the marriage pledge exchange,
By husband yet be led apart,
In bridal bower sweet vows to interchange
In tender whispers heard by none.

Narrows the path through the briers hardly seen,
To parent as to child unknown,
Fain wouldst thou now on lover's strong arm lean.

KONAMI.

On Mariko's sunny bank we stand,
His rapid stream shall bear our griefs away,
Dear mother; now on our right hand
High Utsu's hill we leave behind, O, say
Shall I my lord's new pillow press,
Half sleeping, by a bridegroom's arms embraced,
What mighty cares my mind distress!
Ohoi river, thou whose waters haste
In rapid tumult onwards sped,
As fleeting often is the love of man,
Yet 't is not fickleness I dread
In him I love, but 'neath misfortune's ban
Our love's full flower can hardly blow.
Our feet upon Shiradska's bridge now stand:
Past Yoshida we further go
To Akasaka; our wearied limbs demand
Repose; the beckoning women cry,
That throng the door of every inn, "Fair bride,
To Kyōmid's far-famed temple nigh,
To Otowa's roaring falls choose you a guide;
Say, lady, will you not delay,
Adore the temple's deity and view
How to the god the Pilgrims pay
With sacred dance and music homage due,
And join in the applauding shout,
And share the merry throng's loud happiness."

"Ah, no; I cannot linger; doubt
And fear us restless towards the city press."

TONASE.

Right, daughter; were thy lover here,
Three suppliants we would Ise's god revere.

KONAMI.

Thus we our clownish verses sing;
To Nar'migáta's town we come. Success
The happy name I trust may bring.
Ha! Atsta's shrine descry we yonder, — yes,
Full seven leagues across the bay.
Haul taut the sail, bend, mother, bend to the oar,
With measured stroke, — away, away, —
Haste, mother, haste, far yet the further shore.
Hark! as we steer how loud the cry.
Is it the scream of some tiny súdsu fly,
Or is it rather the chirruping shriek
Of the grasshopper that, as the old song tells, doth cry
Through the chilly nights when the hoar-frosts lie.
The even latens fast, and darksome night
Us threatens ere we have attained
Yon nearing shore, while yet the day is light.
O mother, every nerve be strained.

BOTH.

How fierce the hail drives through the windy air;
We cover from the storm our heads,
Now side by side our barques through the waters tear

Now one the laggard other leads;
Shō-kame's Hill we pass, awhile
At Seki rest, wherefrom the Eastern way
Parts stretching south for many a mile,
The road that leads through Isé, — the merry play
Of packhorse bells we hear as thee
We reach, Sudsuka, Ainotruchi's peak,
Rain-dimmed, now hardly may we see.
Rain ever dims, men say, its summit bleak.
O Minaguchi, — the rocky vale
Of Ishite we next fatigued toil through,
Pass Ohods', Nii's temple hail,
The hillside skirt, our further way pursue,
And now a petty hamlet nigh
Yamashina, — our journey's end, — descry.

From the Japanese. Tr. Anon.

Yoshino, the River.

YOSHINO.

LOFTY Ashibiki Hill,
Limpid waters leap adown thee,
Streamy falls of Yoshino.
Pensive by the river standing,
Search I long the clear depths,
Listening to the shrilly cries,
Echoing through the streamy land

Of the snipelets up the river,
Calling down the river sharply
Calling on their absent mates:
Yet of yonder busy flock
Each must perish in his turn,
Lying dead upon the ground.
As the joyous scene I view,
Ah, what sadness fills my soul,
Endless as the wild vine's creeper, —
Generations thousands ten
Pass away like morning rime.
Let us pray to gods of earth,
Let us pray to gods of heaven!
Ever dreaded be the gods!

From the Japanese. ***Tr. Anon.***

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